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The Saturday Review

of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Humanizing Knowledge

"THE sovereignty of man lieth hid in knowledge," said Francis Bacon; and again "a man is but what he knoweth." Truths so accepted that they are truisms, and yet truths more frequently honored in the generalization than in the practice. For of all the great generality of mankind how large a proportion pursues knowledge with the ardor that it hunts pleasure or follows business? We have Aristotle's authority for it that all men naturally desire to know, yet the curiosity that is common to all men is in only the few more than a feeble flicker of interest, as quick to be extinguished as to be aroused. It is matter of general observation how passively most of humanity accepts its world, as though it were not at all wonderful that the moon should draw the sea or night follow day. Most people are aware of the mystery of the universe only in fitful flashes, and are content to accept its manifestations with little inquiry or none.

Yet that the science and the history of the world can be made fascinating to the multitude the record of some of the recent works that attempt to set forth their development has proved beyond a doubt. It is not that man cannot be drawn to knowledge but that so rarely is knowledge presented in a form to stir his latent enthusiasm. Long the possession of the pundits alone, even its language has tended to become obscure for the masses, and its stretches therefore arid to their intelligence. It is in recognition of these facts that there has recently been established a prize that seems to us worthy of note both for what it connotes and for what it may portend. The substantial award offered by the publishers Simon & Schuster, in conjunction with the *Forum Magazine*, to be known as the Francis Bacon Award for the Humanization of Knowledge, may, in their words, be "given for a book in any and every department of knowledge, including music, literature, history, art, biography, and all sciences." The jury that is to sit in judgment on the manuscripts submitted is composed of men who, like Will Durant and Hendrik Willem Van Loon, have themselves produced volumes that fall within the range of the award. Back of them is to be a body of scientific advisers chosen from among scholars of recognized authoritativeness. Thus one body of men may be deemed certain to lay stress on the presentation of knowledge in such a fashion as to insure its popular acceptance and the other to insist that even more important than brilliance is accuracy.

* * *

Such a system of checks and balances seems to us absolutely essential to any large scheme for the humanization of knowledge. For it still remains true that a "little learning is a dangerous thing," dangerous to the recipient and in the giver. To disseminate half truths may produce worse results than to leave ignorance complete. For the man who knows that he knows not may at least have the grace to refrain from acting or theorizing on what is without his scope, but the man who knows not and thinks that he knows, may do incalculable harm by his interventions. To assemble a body of facts as nearly error-proof as possible and to issue warning as to the possibility of error—that is the first duty of the scientist (we use scientist in its precise meaning of "one who knows" no matter what his field); to present these facts so that they shall be at once lucid, interesting, and in no way misleading to the general public—that is the function of the popularizer of knowledge. If by some happy chance the scientist—as did Huxley—has eloquence at his command as well as scholarship then indeed is knowledge fortunate in its interpreter.

But how infrequently does a Huxley arise! How far more often does the man immersed in facts lose sight of the difficulty those facts have for the layman to whom even the A B C's of his science are unknown. It is again and again the writer who would never for a moment pretend to great scholarship who can best arouse the many to a realization of the beauty and fertility of knowledge, who can lead them to love knowledge, to seek knowledge, and to profit by knowledge. That is why that we think this award named in honor of the man who took "all knowledge as his field" and based upon a just appreciation of the necessity of making knowledge palatable in order to make it available to the masses, is of moment.

The Organ Blower

By LEONARD FEENEY

THAT Mary, the Mother
Of Jesus, may
Have a lovely hymn
On her festive day:—

That God almighty
May be adored
With tuneful treble
And bass and chord:—

That music may mingle
With light and flower,
On the hot June nights
At the Holy Hour:—

Humphry, the loon,
By the dusty rafter
Sweats like an ox,
And he says "I haf ter
Buy new galluses
The mornin' after."

This Week

"Administrative Justice and the Supremacy of the Law in the United States." Reviewed by *Edward Bruce Hill.*

"Emerson and Others." Reviewed by *John Macy.*

"Good Theatre." Reviewed by *Mary Cass Canfield.*

"Fear." Reviewed by *George M. Parker, M.D.*

"Circus Parade." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"Meanwhile." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd.*

"The Love Child." Reviewed by *Amy Loveman.*

"Kingsley Fairbridge." Reviewed by *Frank Parker Day.*

Next Week, or Later

Emotion and Intellect in Poetry. By *John Gould Fletcher.*

A Briton on the Rampage*

By MICHAEL SADLEIR
Author of "Anthony Trollope"

THE tale of Frances Trollope and the curious circumstances which led to the writing and notoriety of "Domestic Manners of the Americans" have precisely those qualities of piquancy and paradox most agreeable to the malice of posterity.

Nearly one hundred years ago—on November 4, 1827—an English lady in early middle age, charged with the fantastic duty of preparing for the establishment of a department store in Cincinnati, was despatched by her eccentric husband from Harrow Weald to the middle-west of America. She took with her three small children and a certain amount of ready money. After three years the money was spent; the store, before even its building was complete, had come to bankruptcy; and one of the children had fallen so ill that he had perforce to be sent home to England. The distracted mother and her remaining offspring were left stranded in America, to live in abject poverty and to become ever more unfavorably impressed with their surroundings.

At this crisis of her fortunes, and with a faint hope of earning a few pounds on her ultimate return to England, the forlorn and harassed lady began to jot down her impressions of the United States, to tell the tale of her adventures. It was a desperate experiment in book-making, and should, by all the canons of literary suitability, have failed rather than triumphed. But Frances Trollope's luck had changed at last. By the middle of 1832 her jottings had been published under the title "Domestic Manners of the Americans;" and she herself—having turned author from compulsion and not at all from inclination or from belief in her own talents—had become the scandal or the heroine of two hemispheres.

In the queer hazard that led to her choice of theme lies at once the cause and the irony of Mrs. Trollope's leap to world-wide reputation. No one could have been more innocent of deliberate sensationalism. She wrote about America, because America was the only subject she was capable of treating; she wrote with bitterness, because her own experiences had been bitter. And yet, because at the moment of her writing the United States and their republican experiment were among the most topical and provocative questions of the day, her book and its virulence set two nationalisms at loggerheads and almost caused an Anglo-American "incident." And the second stage of this involuntary imbroglio was, so far as it concerned Mrs. Trollope, no less strange and contradictory. She had no sooner grown accustomed to the indignation of America over her book than she encountered an equally bitter hostility among her own compatriots. This hostility grew into a vendetta. Of the English enemies of Frances Trollope the nucleus were serious persons of radical tendency, holding America for sacrosanct and her loud democratic vauntings for the battle-cry of liberty, and the later recruits indignant representatives of the vested interests, roused by her propaganda novels against child-labor in factories and other cruelties. All turned fiercely on the bustling, ordinary little woman who had dared to trespass on their idealism and their profits. From the moment of her first book's publication to the end of her prolific writing life this motley company pursued her with

*The following essay constitutes the major part of Mr. Sadleir's introduction to the reissue of Frances Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans" to be published by Dodd, Mead & Company on August 26.

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calumny and declared her a monster of dishonest prejudice and coarse ill-breeding. So it came to pass that Frances Trollope, whose chief accusation against the Americans had been that they lacked the refinement and elegance of Londoners, came herself to be vilified for an indelicacy most unfeminine, most unladylike, and most un-English.

. . . . . .

Modern opinion will find little cause for fury in the pages of "Domestic Manners of the Americans." Not only have many of Mrs. Trollope's criticisms the staleness to which only out-of-date caricature can achieve, but her very enthusiasms tend to prejudice the self-conscious twentieth-century mind against those qualities of American enterprise and landscape that she was most concerned to praise. When, however, into the strained atmosphere of the early thirties these two volumes of tart fault-finding and rather superior approval blundered noisily, there was immediate explosion. At home the pro-American Radicals cried out against the hide-bound prejudice of snobbery, whilst Jingo-Conservatives cheered Mrs. Trollope to the echo, fêted and flattered her, made of her Yankee slang a nine days' chic. In America, every journalist and politician howled execration at the latest and most unashamed example of the patronizing Briton on the oversea rampage. It cannot be denied that much of Mrs. Trollope's offense lay in her truthfulness. The middle-west in those early days was (and one must needs judge it on all available evidence from "Martin Chuzzlewit" downwards) of a crudity, a tedium, and a boastful squalor inevitable to a certain stage of national development. As certain strata of society in England seemed to the cultivated French during the last half of the eighteenth century, so did the scenes witnessed by Mrs. Trollope during the first part of her sojourn in America appear to one brought up in the London of the eighteen-twenties. She has been blamed for generalizing on the basis of a very limited experience; but careful reading of her book will exonerate her from this charge. She is careful to disclaim any knowledge beyond the radius of her actual journeyings, and her record contains passages of generous compliment once she reaches Baltimore and New York. But to the contemporary American reader the whole body of her praise was as nothing beside her criticism of manners, her exposure of male selfishness and greed, her taunt at American provincialism and false prudery, and her vivid descriptions of crude religious mania and revivalist hysteria. The anger of the United States gave such pleasure to those English folk who were of anti-American temper, that a pamphlet was printed of extracts from American reviews of "Domestic Manners." But these extracts—selected deliberately to gratify a quarrelsome English nationalism—are less interesting than a more spontaneous and more amusing comment affixed by a so-called "American editor" to a pirated edition of the book, which, of course, was immediately issued in New York. This editorial comment is the more pointed (although unconsciously so) because of the great services which were actually rendered to Mrs. Trollope in her inexperienced dealings with publishers and public by Captain Basil Hall, a naval officer who had already given deep offence to Americans by a book about their country.* Here are some characteristic paragraphs from the American preface:

I have satisfied myself (writes the American Editor), of the impossibility of this book being the production of an English lady. I think it quite impossible that an English lady should condescend to become a spy into the domestic habits and economy of the females of any country, with the views to expressing them to the world. . . . An English lady would scarcely descend to that singular minutiæ of painting in which our author so frequently indulges herself. I allude to the stories of the "bugs;" the curious description and innuendoes of the camp-meeting scene; the episode of the amorous parson; the dialogue between Miss Clarissa and Mr. Smith, illustrated so happily by the accompanying plate, and above all the representation of the scene at the theatre and the young lady half-dressed at her toilet. . . .

No lady, I will venture to say, of any nation would stand godmother to a book embellished with such illustrations as accompany "Domestic Manners of the Americans." . . .

To complete the proofs which this work everywhere exhibits of the utter impossibility of its being written by an English lady, I shall merely advert generally to the entire absence of all the characteristics of female writing which it exhibits. There is a total want of delicacy in style and sentiment; a coarse disregard of all those nice decorums which are sacred in the eyes of a well-bred lady; a flippant ignorance of genteel life; and above all a daring, reckless meddling with scenes and topics, which we hope, for the honour of old England, precludes the possibility of any English lady having the least agency in its production. . . .

I set industriously about ascertaining the real author. In this pursuit I have been eminently successful. I have ascertained beyond all reasonable doubt that the real author is no less a person than Captain Basil Hall, or 'All, as he is called in the literary circles of London, where he moves with such distinction. . . .

If there really are two such distinct individuals as Captain 'All and Mrs. Trollope, I congratulate the English nation on possessing another pair of Siamese twins.

Some persons, of no contemptible sagacity, have hinted to me the possibility of Captain 'All being Mrs. Trollope, instead of Mrs. Trollope being Captain 'All. The idea is feasible, and deserves a passing examination, although the result is of little or no consequence to us; for whether the captain is Mrs. Trollope, or Mrs. Trollope the captain, concerns only the English ladies, who will doubtless be grateful to me for attempting this vindication of their manners and character. That they are one and the same is certain, but I confess there is some difficulty in ascertaining the sex of these twin gossips. When I listen to the garrulous foppery of the captain, I feel irresistibly inclined to pronounce him to be Mrs. Trollope, or some such ugly old woman in the disguise of a man; but when I ponder over the coarse delineations, the indelicate allusions, and bug and spitting stories of Mrs. Trollope, I am as irresistibly drawn in the conviction that it is some conceited ignorant Jack Tar, breaking his forecastle jests, with a quid of tobacco in his mouth, and his canvas hat knowingly adjusted on one side of his head. Thus am I again brought back to the region of doubt, and thus am I obliged to leave the subject to the industry of some future inquirer. Enough I trust, however, hath been said to prove, to the satisfaction of every impartial reader, either Captain Basil 'All is Mrs. Trollope in breeches, or that Mrs. Trollope is Captain Basil 'All in petticoats.

* * *

"Domestic Manners" earned for its author some six hundred pounds and a notoriety of a very piebald kind. She was herself more interested in the money than in the reputation. The family finances were in chaos, and although her first lucky venture relieved the immediate pressure, there was much more of earning to be done before she could have leisure even to think herself a literary lion. And when the leisure came, it brought no thought of vanity. By the time that money had been won, she was too old, too weary, and too indifferent to anything but peace to care whether her name in the annals of contemporary letters was bright or mud-bespattered. But to posterity—to such part of it, at least, as plays the amateur of irony and savors the quaint fevers of the past—the perpetual quality of irritation that her book possessed (how faded are now the great majority! what slapstick geniality seems even her most enduring satire!) provides an intriguing problem in changing standards of literary taste. Mrs. Trollope's long list of novels includes some twenty tales of fashionable life, rich in sensibility, painfully genteel, occasionally amusing, always rapidly observed; four stories of America—among them the moving anti-slave-trade novel "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw" (1836) and the still excellent fooling of "The Barnabys in America" (1843); a savage satire on evangelical Christianity—"The Vicar of Wrexhill" (1837); an exposure of Jesuit intrigues in England—"Father Eustace" (1847); and two books as frankly propagandist as ever Dickens himself wrote—"Michael Armstrong" (1840), a fierce attack on child slavery in north-country mills, and "Jessie Phillips" (1843), an appeal for public protest against the administration of the New Poor Law. Thus summarized, the bulk of her fiction sounds commendable and praiseworthy enough; to read, the books are pleasant where they are not dull. And yet in the opinion of her contemporaries Frances Trollope was so violent, so unscrupulous, above all so vulgar, that even to read her was more daring than genteel.

How might this be? The explanation is little creditable to the England of the thirties and forties. Those persons who were angered by her anti-Americanism or by her assaults on their freedom to wring wealth from helplessness chose, as means of revenge, an intense though indirect campaign against her breeding and her sense of decency. That their disingenuous intrigue should so thoroughly have succeeded can only be attributed to the snobbery of their compatriots and to a prevalent desire to shirk unpleasant facts. For indeed, save by the prejudice of snobbery and by false refinement, the wide-spread shudder at the gross nature of her books cannot be interpreted. Her non-British acquaintances did not find her vulgar. She was one of the privileged few invited to hear Chateaubriand read his memoirs aloud at Madame Récamier's; while in Vienna she became an intimate friend of Mme. Metternich. But in her own country the respectable drew in their skirts. Thus, for example, a contributor to R. H. Horne's critical symposium, "A New Spirit of the Age." who is at once sensitive to outrages against elegance and highly conscious of the fact that Mrs. Gore was of the *beau monde* but Mrs. Trollope of the middle class:

If we want a complete contrast to Mrs. Gore, we have it at hand in Mrs. Trollope. The class to which she belongs is, fortunately, very small; but it will always be recruited from the ranks of the unscrupulous so long as a corrupt taste is likely to yield a trifling profit. She owes everything to that audacious contempt of public opinion, which is the distinguishing mark of persons who are said to stick at nothing. Her constitutional coarseness is the natural element of a low popularity, and is sure to pass for cleverness, shrewdness, and strength, where cultivated judgment and chaste inspiration would be thrown away. She takes a strange delight in the hideous and revolting, and dwells with gusto upon the sins of vulgarity. Nothing can exceed the vulgarity of Mrs. Trollope's mob of characters, except the vulgarity of her select aristocracy.

The suggestion that this vulgarity was as much profit-seeking as self-expression was first made by Fenimore Cooper in his book on England. But he had, at least, the provocation of "Domestic Manners," which Horne's contributor had not; nor Mary Mitford either, who, for all her long-standing intimacy with the Trollopes and her many protestations of friendship, could yet allow herself this little genteel sneer:

I really cannot read the present race of novel-writers, although my old friend Mrs. Trollope, in spite of her terrible coarseness, has done two or three marvellously clever things. She was brought up within three miles of this house and is, in spite of her works, a most elegant and agreeable woman.

So the tale went, from mouth to cultivated mouth, parroted from one decade to another; thus the irony that attended the reception of "Domestic Manners" persisted throughout Mrs. Trollope's life and even after it. She wrote her books from bleak necessity; she ground out library-fiction to buy her children food, to pay her doctor's bills. As theme for bread-and-butter novel-writing, any experience, absurdity, or abuse, was welcome. Americans, evangelicals, mill-owners, old maids, parvenu vulgarians—all of these were to her hurried, anxious mind subjects as good as each or any other. Nothing she said of them was bitterly or even very deeply meant; but much of it was taken with a tragic indignation.

Her first encounters with such unlooked-for hostility left her bewildered and a little breathless. But time and her temperament accustomed her to the experience. A cheerful, unreflective creature, she was one to whom livelihood was more precious than vain speculation, and pretty clothes more lovely than idealism. Wherefore she rattled through her strenuous life, only concerned to keep her family in food and shelter, at once incurious and uncomprehending when the world cried out against her methods of bread-winning.

One may indeed liken her to a flustered and perhaps incautious starling who, home-seeking, builds a nest in a mansion-chimney. The nest and chimney take fire; the mansion is burnt and with it an important will; there follow family and legal complications of an alarming kind. But, were the starling to be charged with the responsibility for all these dreadful things, she would not understand her sin nor let it worry her. "I had to build a nest," she would protest. "That chimney seemed as good a place as any other."

The craze for autograph collecting has reached such irrational proportions that we take pleasure in reprinting a letter once written by a much-badgered novelist in reply to an intrusive request:

"Dear Sir: I feel sure you will not misunderstand a well-meaning but much occupied man's point-of-view when I say that miscellaneous requests for autographs rapidly become a dangerous persecution in an author's life. Autographing a book should be, if one's hand retains any primitive honesty, an intimate and personal matter; the haphazard inscribing which is forced upon authors is (in the eyes of God) a degradation in both parties. When there are personal affinities and affections involved you will find any reasonable man proud and eager to sign his name; otherwise, if he is worth your having thought of twice, you will not ask nor he consent. At any rate not without a secret infernal pang. I pay you the compliment, very rare indeed, of speaking candidly."

In our scrapbook the name of the writer of this letter has somehow got lost. Can any reader identify it? It sounds rather like Robert Louis Stevenson.

*"Travels in North America," by Basil Hall. London.

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Law and Government

ADMINISTRATIVE JUSTICE AND THE SUPREMACY OF LAW IN THE UNITED STATES. By JOHN DICKINSON. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by EDWARD BRUCE HILL

THIS is a learned and thorough examination of the questions which so frequently arise and may be expected to arise even more frequently hereafter when a review of the decisions of administrative commissions is sought from the courts. The theories of law upon which the general practice of the courts in the adjudications of the cases which come before them proceeds are elaborately examined, with copious and interesting quotations from an immense number of authorities, ranging from Herodotus, Aristotle, and Demosthenes, down through Livy, St. Augustine, and many other writers to Dean Pound and Calvin Coolidge. The decisions of the United States Supreme Court are carefully analyzed and the whole subject is most thoroughly laid out for consideration. The fundamental character of the questions discussed plainly appears. They involve not mere questions of method or machinery nor matters of delimitation of jurisdiction, easily to be settled, but ideas which lie at the very basis of all our notions of law and government.

It is hardly possible to doubt that the administration of any system of customary law, such as the common law is, must be and has always been, based upon the fiction of the existence of a body of unwritten law which the judges merely declare and apply to the case in hand. It is going rather far to see a statement of this in the reply of the Babylonian dikasts to Cambyses which the author quotes from. But, if these Babylonians did administer a system of customary law, such a theory there must have been, and in the common law such a theory there has always been.

* * *

Nevertheless it ought to be borne in mind that the theory is only a fiction. In fact our judges make the law as well as declare it. We have two sets of legislative bodies, Congress and the legislatures on the one hand and the courts on the other. When a new case arises, or when a question arises of the applicability of precedents to a case before the court, the judges legislate as truly as does Congress when it passes a statute. When they overrule a former precedent they legislate as truly as Congress does when it repeals an act. Many judges do not recognize this, many are unwilling to admit it, but it cannot be reasonably questioned. It is possible to say that, in the application of precedents, the courts act as they do in construing and applying a statute, and in many cases no doubt this is true. But frequently the case before the court is so far from being "on all fours" with the case cited that the decision makes new law.

The well-known instance of the creation of the law of negotiable instruments through Lord Mansfield's decisions is a striking exemplification of the true action of the courts. That great judge knew what he was doing and refused to be hampered by precedents. "We are not here," he said, "to take our law from Keble and Siderfin." After him came lesser men, precedent resumed its sway, and law made for some time little progress. But when Lord Ellenborough stated the doctrine of contributory negligence and when Chief Justice Shaw, in *Farwell* v. *Boston and Worcester R.R. Co.*, stated the fellow-servant doctrine, can there be any question that they were legislating? The process was always the same even when timid or narrow-minded judges tied themselves as closely as they could to precedent. They could not do so always and whenever they were forced to act for themselves legislation necessarily resulted.

* * *

The Supreme Court of the United States has gone further in the direction of legislation, perhaps, than any other tribunal. Under Chief Justice Marshall it made itself a colleague not merely of the Congress, but of the Constitutional Convention. Does anyone think now that the framers of the Constitution meant any such thing as was declared to be law in the Dartmouth College case? Nor will many people deny that the "due process of law" provision has been stretched to lengths which, had they been foreseen, would have prevented its adoption. It is a serious question whether the courts should pass upon the constitutionality of laws at all. The origin of the practice was in the Colonial courts which had, necessarily, to decide whether acts of colonial legislatures were within the powers granted by their charters or were *ultra vires*. In England, in spite of what Chief Justices Coke and Holt said of the possibility of some statutes being void, none was ever declared so, and since our independence no question of charters or *ultra vires* can arise. But again our courts have legislated and have modified our fundamental law. They have thus made themselves, in important respects, superior to the legislative and executive branches of the government.

Now arises, with the development of administrative commissions, another occasion for the extension of the powers of the courts. For this the previous extensions have paved the way, nor can anyone say how far this extension will go. Were the court consistent in accepting the findings of fact of a commission as they would the verdict of a jury, there would be some prospect of settled rules. But, as the cases cited in the book under consideration show, they are not. Indeed it is hardly in human nature to be so. When a decision is, to the judges, manifestly wrong, unjust, or very distasteful, it is hardly to be expected that they who have the power to overturn it should not do so. We think of them as functioning *in vacuo* and, no doubt, they mean to do so, but that is impossible. In short the problem is how to enable the commissions to do their work without a constant recourse to the courts to overturn it, and a consequent delay in reaching a conclusion as to their decisions, and without such interference with them as greatly to lessen their usefulness, while still making a proper provision against arbitrary and unlawful action on their part.

FRANCES TROLLOPE
From "Domestic Manners of the Americans" (Dodd, Mead)

To use a hackneyed metaphor we are to find a course between the Scylla of uncontrolled commissions and the Charybdis of meddlesome courts.

It cannot be too often repeated that our position in matters of government is so different from that of our ancestors that much which we have learned to respect and consider wise and important in their principles and practice has now no application. Their government was neither in theory nor in fact of the people, by the people, nor for the people. Protection was constantly needed against a king who did not owe his position to the people and of whom only rebellion could rid them. It is a commonplace that our Constitution was framed largely under the influence of ideas naturally engendered by centuries of experience of such a system. But in fact they have little application to our situation. A President whose authority must be renewed or who may be replaced every four years and who is always held in check by the power of impeachment has few analogies to a king. A Congress of which the lower house must be elected every two years and the Senate is constantly open to changes in the character of its majority is as much within the control of the people as such a body ought to be, even if not so quickly responsive to changes in popular feeling as, in practice, the British Parliament is. We do not stand in need of defenses against our government such as our forefathers found necessary and we have other and more efficient means of ensuring the supremacy of the popular will than they could have.

Recourse to the courts, then, from administrative decisions has not the same reason for being that it once had. The courts are no longer needed as a shield to protect a subject against oppression from a higher power, intent on its own ends, permanent in existence, in whose creation or selection he has no voice, and from whose possible oppression he can only escape by the judicial enforcement of rigid rules of abstract law. Both court and administrative body are agents alike, though for different purposes, of a power of which all citizens alike are members and which is subject to popular control. There is no reason for fearing or distrusting one agency of that power more than another, nor for asking one to revise, review, or annul the action of another.

It may be well that an appeal should be provided from the original administrative tribunal to some other body on the same principle on which appeals are allowed from an inferior to a higher court, that is, in order to ensure, so far as may be, the application of proper rules to the case under consideration and so to protect more fully the rights of the parties. But this appeal need not be from administrative tribunals to courts of law. In fact there are obvious advantages in having the appeal go to a higher administrative power. Questions so arising are apt to be of a technical character, much better dealt with by those confined to that especial field than by judges, however eminent, who have no especial knowledge of the subject. A wise, progressive development of the rules upon the subject would certainly be facilitated by such a course, nor can a plausible reason be assigned for expecting better justice from the courts of law than from such a body.

* * *

Mr. Dickinson's volume also suggests, though how far he would accept the idea it is hard to say, that greater definiteness and detail in the acts under which the various administrative tribunals exist, is needed. He has an aversion to codes, which to common lawyers have always been anathema, perhaps because of their usual total unfamiliarity with them. But codes are forming, though slowly, through the passage of identical statutes (*e.g.* the negotiable instruments law) in different states and where administrative tribunals on particular subjects are coming into being, it would certainly promote general convenience if in each case something like a code were drawn up (the name doe not matter) defining in an orderly way its powers duties, jurisdiction, and procedure, in as much detai as possible, so as to leave as little as may be to be discovered by the courts in that mythical repository of law from which all the common law is theoretically taken.

Finally so far as possible the courts should by positive enactment be relieved of the burden of having to review, modify, affirm, or reverse the action of the administrative tribunals, often in matters with which, it is submitted with deference, they are not adapted nor equipped to deal, and the administrative tribunals should be freed, also so far as possible and by positive enactment, from the obstacles which the existing opportunities for recourse to the courts oppose to their proper and efficient working.

It may be that these conclusions will not meet Mr. Dickinson's approval. At any rate his book will be found an analysis of present conditions so full and thorough as to enable anyone to form an opinion of his own upon the subject, with confidence that he has missed no information necessary to that end.

"A gap in the series of memorials to great artists with which the Crypt of St. Paul's has been enriched in recent years was filled on Wednesday by the memorial to Blake," says the *Manchester Guardian*. "Blake was buried in a common grave in Bunhill Fields, and there is nothing there to mark his resting-place. The desire to provide a memorial rose among a group of men in Bedford Park interested in literature and art, and the movement, which was supported by the Prime Minister and other prominent men in public life and the arts, resulted in the collection of a sufficient sum in small subscriptions from this country and America to provide the simple memorial. It is the work of Mr. Henry Poole, who has executed a bas-relief of the head of Blake in profile closely resembling one of the well-known portraits, and there is carved on the stone the famous verse:

To see a world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of the hand
And eternity in an hour.

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Plight of American Genius

EMERSON AND OTHERS. By VAN WYCK BROOKS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN MACY

AMERICAN criticism of the last twenty years or so has revealed an increasing discontent with American life and with the artistic, chiefly the literary, expression of that life. And criticism itself has had few able exponents. Those few, the thoughtful ones who were not satisfied to beam amiably upon the world about them and the books that came out of it, agreed in their several ways upon two main charges. First, the expression is inadequate to the life that produces it, our literature is, as Mr. Brooks calls it, a "sterile, inferior phenomenon." Second, the conditions of that life strangle and discourage the talent which is born in it and seeks to interpret it. The mechanism of our decivilization, the regimentation, the standardization of our lives, our multitudinous Ford-car regularity, our ready-to-wear opinions are unfavorable to genius or to talent of good quality. The indictment has been brought sharply by Randolph Bourne, by Mr. Brooks, lately by Lewis Mumford, and in a more boisterous, bludgeoning manner by Mencken, who, however, hugely enjoys the scene and the clowns that move upon it.

In this criticism I find one general error—we may differ in a hundred details of the argument. That general error is to make America, and especially America of our time, the solitary culprit. In every country in many periods art has been inadequate and its opportunities have been limited by a hard practical world; it has had to struggle for freedom and only here and there has attained a nearly complete realization of the dreams of the spirit. The worst that can be said against the solitary sinner is that she has sinned a little more weakly than her neighbors and ancestors. And it seems, too, that even while the case is being tried—of course it will never be settled—the culprit is showing remarkable signs of regeneration in which is a touch of healthy defiance. There is no judge in this case. If I were counsel for the defense and not merely a reviewing spectator, I could bring forth a fairly strong array of witnesses in the form of living American writers and artists of all kinds.

* * *

Commercialism, mechanism, mass production of things and thoughts are depressing to the spirit and will be until the spirit finds new meanings in them. But these horrible things are not vices of which America is uniquely culpable. The whole world is commercial and machine-made. The other day in the *Times* Mr. George Moore was quoted as despairing of any art in such an age and as escaping in imagination to other centuries and places unspoiled by our kind of civilization. He was speaking of Europe, not of America. I doubt not he is willing to receive the royalties from the American editions of his books which are printed on electric power-presses. Isn't there a good deal of nonsense in this protest of the critical-artistic soul against trade and machinery and physical prosperity? Mr. Brooks asks: "Did it ever occur to Mark Twain that he *could* be honorably poor?" Well, did it ever occur to Mr. Brooks that there was no reason why Mark Twain *should* be honorably poor if he *could* be honorably rich?

And here, before we pursue our general question, I will make a specific criticism of Mr. Brooks. He seems determined in advance to find some antagonism, some maladjustment between America and American writers. As if it were too bad that a genius should be born in America and too bad that America had not more men of genius! It is a curious attitude of mind, at once acutely critical and blindly uncritical. I suspect that he set out to study Emerson in order to find out what was the matter with America and what blighting effect America had on Emerson's soul. Then honestly finding that Emerson was admirably adapted to his environment, flourished in it, Mr. Brooks let Emerson go with six short chapters which he calls "episodes." I do not know that this is what happened to Mr. Brooks, and he may deny it. But some subtle evidence which I cannot clearly detach and quote from the essay itself, added to the evidence of Mr. Brooks's other work, leads me to this perhaps unwarranted conclusion. The episodes, based on Emerson's journals and other writings, are good as far as they go. They are true Emerson, a skilfully condensed Emerson, but are not more than a partial portrait. For some reason Mr. Brooks seems to have left it unfinished, I suspect (without proof) because he did not find the sitter sitting as uncomfortably as he thought to find him.

An earlier portrait by Mr. Brooks, that of Mark Twain, is finished and it is distorted by a predisposition to find something that was not there. The thesis pulls the facts all out of shape. It is too complicated to argue out here. Briefly, according to Mr. Brooks, Mark Twain was by nature a satirist. But satire did not go in America. Humor did, wherefore Mark Twain, contrary to his nature became the nation's funny man, chastened by a respectable wife, tamed by the timid hand of Howells; his will was thwarted by his environment, his American environment. So short a summary is of course unfair to Mr. Brooks, whose psychological examination of his specimen is subtle and reveals much wisdom in the process. But the subtlety as often mystifies as clarifies. Mark Twain's ordeal was that of any man who lives long in this world and happens to be gifted with a sense of humor and a sense of fact. Satire and humor are not disparate but adjacent and complementary. Mark Twain said almost all that he had to say and was too lazy to say what was left. He was bitter largely because life had hit him hard. And the suppression of that bitterness was largely due to his good sense, like keeping one's temper.

But I am not writing an essay on Mark Twain. I meant only to indicate that the vigorous and really admirable fault of Mr. Brooks is that he bends the facts to his critical will and they will not bend. As Huckleberry Twain would have said, they bust, 'cause they ain't so.

Our age, especially our age, especially in America, is commercial, mechanical, ugly, hostile to art.

If I were an advocate, I should ask the court to strike out "especially." The whole world is commercial and has been commercial for many centuries and has been richest in art in the commercial centers. Physical prosperity is the best condition of art, both for the community in which the artist must live and for the artist as an individual. If a man turn his back on beauty and go after the flesh-pots, the trouble is not the presence of the flesh-pots but the weakness of the man.

I once made a statistical survey of the economic conditions of the leading English men of letters and I found that most of them were fairly prosperous and that many of them were interested in making money. Some did not have to make it because they married it, inherited it, or got it from a patron. Many who did not prosper materially made an effort to prosper. As Stevenson, a devoted and exacting artist said, the first duty of a writer is to support his family. Was Dryden less a poet, less than the first great critic in England, because he always had his eye to the main chance? Pope was rich, Addison was rich. Defoe wanted to be. Swift was sore because he was not. Dickens made money hand over fist. Thackeray was comfortable. Tennyson was rich. Fitzgerald inherited plenty. Browning drove a team of beautiful white horses through the streets of Florence. Later it would have been a Fiat car. The palazzo in which he died is really a pretty little shack.

We all suffer from the economic exactions of life, from the sordid, the ugly, the tawdry, the monotonous. Every age and place have suffered from these things in some form and in some degree. The American form is simply the modern form everywhere; the degree, I believe, is only slightly greater than in older countries. I know I shall be accused of talking like a vulgar patriot. Heaven forbid! Critical discontent is salt and tonic to our porcine lives. I only maintain that the same criticism is applicable everywhere in the world, that an overdose of it is not curative but is itself morbid. And the diagnosis is often wrong, certainly wrong when it takes the form of discovering a nonexistent enmity between industrialism and art, between commercialism and beauty. Our younger critics sometimes remind me of the minister with a fairly ample salary who from the pulpit of a million dollar church deplores the materialism of the age. We are commercial; so were the Venetians. We are industrial; so were the Florentines when they were not engaged in robbery. Samuel Butler said in effect that he did not think America a very favorable place for a genius to be born in. Well, it all depends on the genius.

Mr. Morley Smiles

GOOD THEATRE. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1927.

Reviewed by MARY CASS CANFIELD

MR. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, always versatile and easy, has written an amusing skit entitled "Good Theatre," a little play about plays which, if I remember correctly, first appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. It provides a diverting half hour's reading.

The scene is All Hallowe'en in the lobby of a Broadway theatre where the hit of the season, "Your Money or Your Wife," is turning them away. Before the mildly astonished eyes of the box office girl and two male *attachés* of the theatre staff, a couple of gentlemen in Elizabethan costume enter from the rain washed street and request seats for the entertainment. As the house is packed, the tickets are not forthcoming. So, to the tune of roars of laughter rising from the audience at the musical farce within, these strangers talk with the smart young lady and her slick and brilliantined henchmen.

Mr. William Shakespeare and Sir Francis Bacon (for although they are merely presented to us as W. and F., we guess their identity) are swiftly pigeonholed by these sophisticates as two Yale men playing hookey from the Hotel Astor fancy dress ball. Thus, with an agreeable mingling of sixteenth century speech and Broadway slang, a conversation on the theatre ensues, in the course of which it develops that the "knock out" playing within, is a modernized version of the Swan of Avon's "As You Like It."

Shakespeare, far from being offended at this vulgarization of his fancy, is entranced by the shouts and loud guffaws which greet it; his nostrils dilate with pleasure as he sniffs the fustian air. He turns to the grave Bacon and exclaims enthusiastically:

"Ah, Frank, thou shouldst write plays."

To which the Lord Chancellor retorts:

"Tush, these are but toys."

and William later rejoins—:

"Nay, Frank, I see thou hast no playhouse heart——" and keenly instructs him in the tricky virtuosity of playwriting—as thus:

> How from the moment of first entrance on
> To strike them with the sense of some suspension,
> Some controverse of passion and desire
> So that without a guess of what's to come
> They feel the onward moving, and are thrilled . . .
> . . . get it over
> To a stamping, coughing, jostling, stinking pit
> Of ragamuffins, grooms, and varletry,
> The cut and longtail of the populace—
> And still have grace for loftier quiddities
> To please the court and gentry . . .
> Mark you, the veriest groundling of the lot
> Must see himself, his inward hope or grievance,
> Active on the scene. Aye, this it is
> That makes our stagy antics quick and sheer:
> Lo, on the very instant of their doing
> They are transmuted to the blood and stuff
> Of every hearer; who admires the image
> And hugs it as his own, or fashions it
> To suit his private fancy . . .
> . . . Haply the author,
> Like the matron pelican of adage,
> Feeds his unsuspective auditors
> From the red artery of his proper breast.

And Bacon answers—:

> Bravo, Will! Almost persuadest thou me!
> Thou art, what's passing rare in playwrights,
> Nigh as eloquent as thine own creations.

It is, of course, Mr. Morley's eloquence, his cultivation and insight that emerge from this clever bit of foolery which delights us by its charm, ingeniousness, and high spirits. "Good Theatre" should prove not only agreeable reading, but well suited to presentation in a program of one act plays.

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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY ..... *Editor*
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AMY LOVEMAN ..... *Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY ..... *Contributing Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART ..... *Publisher*

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Inhibitions and Neuroses

FEAR. By JOHN RATHBONE OLIVER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE M. PARKER, M.D.

TWO years ago I was shut below decks in a piece of bad weather with a windy old gentleman from the coast. Why he picked on me I did not know; outside of being low in my mind there was nothing that should have set me off to receive the attentions of a lay reader in the Church of England. I feared an attempt at a conversion. But it was to be less than this. He wanted to assemble in front of me the reasonableness of Divine Healing, as practised in the early church. I was assured the arts of the fathers were finding a place in our age. His friend, the Bishop of Durham, his Grace, the Bishop of London, saw eye to eye with him in this matter. This was his mission and beside it the Insurance of week days seemed trifling if not inconsistent. It was rather hard to break into the disease of the body, to ordain the tissues, so to speak; but the affections of the mind, the great collection of nervous disorders, these were waiting for the new practitioner of the soul.

At about that time I lost count and never thought again of the ancient bellwether until the book called "Fear" came to my hands some time ago. But the old gentleman was right. These two years he has been right; and I have been asleep. "Fear" is by a doctor. He proves a medical man can be an early Christian, and nowhere does his title run more clear than in the free and unrestrained manner of his borrowings and reorienting of facts; the manner which made Rome envied of all later pirates and freebooters. The mixture which ultimately goes into the chalice is amazing. There is rather more of Freud than he knows; then quite a bit of Descartes in the triturate forms of Cannon and Crile; something of Janet, a *soupçon* of Watson, which is plenty, and quite a lot of the strong meat of Group Medicine as it is practised in our states and territories. The author's spiritual heritage is confirmed and unmistakably in the plan, which, in the proper religious spirit, denies a meeting place for discussion and fact. He presents the anxiety neurosis of a middle-aged patient, the product of a lot of vicious instrumentalizings, of bad adjustments and arrangements which hang to the belly of Fear as Ulysses's men hung to the sheep of Cyclops, and for the same reason urged them forward, that they might in some fashion escape into the light. In front of this man the early Christian discusses only Fear, the biological fear of the "primal brute" and how the brute may become man, and then almost God. Which of course has nothing to do with the case as a psychological problem, except that the man is thereby cured. The book tells how the deed was done.

* * *

The father of James E. was a two hundred and fifty pound Methodist, and as ardent as he was strong. His mother was born an Irish Catholic only to be adopted by orthodox Jews. After many other privations James come to be a rotarian and a manufacturer whose name and face was blown on the bottle. He married early, had one "extra-marital experience," and then developed a high blood pressure. At about the time an insurance company turned him down for another $100,000 his troubles began. Within three weeks this go-getter had every symptom which the usual hard working neurotic takes years to acquire. He had phobias, compulsions, conversions, ideas of reference, depression. What would he have done but for his son? Junior was on research at one of our researching universities. Here he had met a man who knew the Great one in medicine. Son came on, having heard that father was on the rocks. There were also rumors of alcohol. One glance denied this and revealed the truth. Taking down a medical Who's Who, he showed father the list of records after the great one's name. Both then took the night train to the east.

Now comes group medicine; examinations, dossiers, and the appearance of the Chief, a judge of the medical Appellate Division, who assigns to father the "Fear Hunter." Stage set includes hospital room, nurses, both vulgar and divine, and occupational therapy, where one must bore holes endlessly until they lie in a straight line. The F.H. does not hide his hand for long. For a short time there is a diary to be kept of thoughts, of admonitions, and of early memories. This is as near the unconscious as we go. Next item: there are no truly religious who have fear. We never meet them in our practice. Fear, then, is a function of irreligion. From here the program runs straight to the soul, except for a break into dentistry, which somehow cuts across the trail for a moment. The *finale* is a meeting with four unofficial apostles who represent respectively, John Bunyan, David who was the Psalmist, impersonated by a Rabbi, Thomas à Kempis, and Book of Common Prayer staged by a militant Prelate. Father recognizes his kind in the last offering and is off to a life of Practice of religion. He is cured; no more alcohol, no more extra-marital. I was going to say, no more life. But that is not fair.

It is indeed only fair to criticize the book as a statement of psychological doctrine. From this angle it is inaccurate and misleading and insufficient. As a system of healing it may have a virtue which a people habituated to diversions of the religious emotion into all sorts of channels could utilize; we are the fundamentalists of the world. Yet it is too bad we can't take our religion straight. The saints surely had carious teeth; locusts and wild honey were not prescribed for blood pressure. And to be godly, because it is healthy—— Bring on the Methodist who yells to us to pull for the shore; Lewis proves he has no inhibitions.

Where Life is Brutal

CIRCUS PARADE. By JIM TULLY. Illustrated by WILLIAM GROPPER. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

HUNGRY, exhausted, verminous, Jim Tully exchanged the life of a hobo for that of a circus roustabout to obtain food, a bed, and immunity from the terrible Mississippi hobo law. This law gives every officer $2.50 apiece for the vagrants he captures, and thrusts the vagrant into jail a year to pay off his fine of $75 by hard labor at twenty cents a day. "Buhlieve me, boy," a scared negro put it, "dey sure t'rows de key 'way on you when dey gits you hyeah." Bob Cameron's "World's Greatest Combined Shows"—ten cars—put Tully to caring for the animals under a lithe 200-pound negro who held down the post of lion-tamer. Thus started a year's odyssey through the whole South from Texas and Missouri to Florida. The adventures began with the first week. Striking Beaumont, Texas, and the oil region, Tully saw the big black lion-tamer ripped to death by a savage blind bear. He saw trailers steal the medals from the dead man's coat, and Cameron make $2,000 from the funeral by advertising it as the great attraction at the next city: "Killed in mortal combat with six huge lions"; "body to lie in state in main tent;" "lion-tamers hurrying from Ringling's and Barnum's circuses to act as pall-bearers" (actually local vagabonds were hired for the job). Then the body was dumped into an unmarked grave.

The "World's Greatest Combined Shows" was a circus in more senses than one; that is, for an observer who, like Tully, did not take its seamy side too seriously. Cameron, blind of one eye, crook-nosed, razor-scarred, of inexhaustible energy, ruled his crew with an iron hand. He was loud, shrewd, illiterate, and tight-fisted. "Money was glue to Cameron." He never paid any employee when he could cheat him or "redlight" him—that is, kick him out of a moving car. He assumed the guise of a broken old man and put up a hard-luck story whenever a town tried to charge him a high license fee; he frightened mayors and tradesmen by the threat that the circus would go stranded on their hands. With him was his common law wife, a scarecrow and virago known as Baby Buzzard, whose philosophy of life was pregnantly concise: "Some people's yellow and some's black and some's Irish. It's all a helluva mess." The principal employees were drug fiends and sexual perverts; some of them were pickpockets and confidence men who gave Cameron twenty per cent of their takings. The short-change expert who acted as ticket-seller and card sharp, Slug Finerty, was a pirate with one eye gouged out, ears pounded to putty, and face cross-hatched with wounds, who had spent five years in a Southern penitentiary. But he was civilized compared with some of his associates. There was "Blackie," for example; "Blackie" shut a negro girl of fourteen in a canvas wagon, and "stood guard over it while fifteen white circus roughnecks entered one at a time. Before entering, each man gave Blackie a half dollar."

As we should expect of a circus made up of "thieves, liars, and embryo yeggs," traveling in districts where society possessed many vestiges of barbarism, its members witnessed incessant physical clash and peril. Mr. Tully describes a battle with the "rubes" of an Oklahoma oil town, who resorted to knives and clubs when Slug Finerty robbed one of their comrades of eighty cents. They and the circus hands mauled each other beyond recognition; the tents were slashed to ribbons and the wagons smashed; and not until the elephants were driven through the crowds was order restored. He describes a race riot in a Florida Gulf town, started because a negro stepped in front of a white woman in buying his ticket. When the crowd had worked itself into a frenzy it discovered an innocent circus roustabout hiding under a blanket, and dragged him to a kettle of boiling tar. His clothes were torn off. "There were moans as the tar was applied to the heaving body; the nauseating reek of burnt flesh and the odor of tar were everywhere." But the author's most lurid pages are those narrating the final upheaval of civil war in the circus when Cameron tried, at the close of the season, to discharge his men without payment, and "Blackie"—while the blazing tents lit up the forms of men beaten unconscious—took a full and profitable revenge at the hilt of a revolver.

* * *

These scenes of blood and violence will be, to some tastes, a little overdone. Mr. Tully varies them with a few chapters which are intended to touch the strings of pathos, and which do give these chords a rough twang. One treats of Lila, the Strong Woman or Female Hercules, who could lift a dozen farmers and storekeepers at one effort. This 400-pound German girl dressed in beribboned frocks and hats, read sentimental romances, dreamed of love in a cottage, and made advances to the top-mounter for the human pyramid act, a dapper little gambler named Anton. By adroit petting Anton induced the "fat heifer" to give him all her savings; and when she discovered that her $2,000 and her visions of wedded love had both vanished in a night, Lila took poison. A more quietly effective chapter relates how the Moss-Haired Girl, a very decent Swedish woman, who converted her blonde hair into a tangled heap of moss by washing it frequently in stale beer tinted with herbs, had come to step from a convent into a circus. There are humorous episodes also. Legita, the copper-colored dancer, was the heroine of a practical joke repeated at every stop. As the sideshow spieler announced, for the small sum of three dollars from each staring male ("there are no police here, are there, boys?") Legita would give "the wonderful dance *without;* the soul stirring, the voluptuous, the sensuous, the wonderful, the maddening dance *without.*" "Shillabers" would speak exultantly of the hot show she put on at the Elks' lodge in a neighboring town. At the appropriate moment, with the money all collected, the rubes were all tricked by a play on words and the sides of the tent instantly dropped, leaving them looking sheepishly at one another and making haste to mingle with the crowd.

It is inaccurate to call the book realism, as the publishers do on the dust-jacket. Actually it is plain that Mr. Tully has heavily retouched his stark and brutal materials, sometimes to enhance their brutality, sometimes to bring out the underlying drama, sometimes to give an effect of pathos. It is a book romantic rather than realistic. Yet although we discount the invented endings he has given some of his episodes, an impression of essential truth remains. Again and again a few rough, incisive strokes bring before us a vivid picture of a man —"Rosebud" Bates, for example, who was at once recognized by his mates as a "fairy" (the word doesn't bear translating); or the rat-faced, domineering Silver Money Dugan, whose specialty was hiring boys with a few hundred dollars' worth of money and clothes, taking this property for safe-keeping, and kicking the youngsters out of the train on night journeys. Mr. Tully is perhaps best in his reproduction of the speech of the circus men. It never lacks flavor. "That man ain't human. He's lower than a skunk's belly," observes one of another. "Youre trickier than a louse on a fiddler's head," retorts the latter. The "address" which Bob Cameron makes to the crowd just before his circus opens

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in a new town; the story which the man with the tattooed breast and blue flannel shirt tells of murdering a comrade for pity; the dialogue of the history of the last day of the circus—in all this the talk has an impressive tang and bite. It is not a book for people with squeamish tastes, but those who value a courageous picture of life in the raw will wish that it were twice as long.

A Fighting Optimist

MEANWHILE. By H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1927.

Reviewed by Lee Wilson Dodd

IT is difficult to review the thoroughly mature work of an established author of high gifts if not of genius. The major difficulty lies in bringing to any new example of his craftsmanship a mind not closed to the possibilities of a fresh and sharp impression. I should like to have been able to read this new novel by Wells as if it were by an unknown hand; and so far as that sort of critical make-believe will carry, I have attempted to do so.

I have discovered, then, in the author of "Meanwhile," a writer whose mind is a congeries rather than a compound of extraordinarily diverse elements; yet surely the first thing to be said of him is that he is wholly and dynamically *alive*. His sentences vibrate with an unresting vitality. They communicate their tension, their excitement, with the swift directness of electricity. A paragraph or two is enough to establish the fact that who touches this book touches a *man*.

But what kind of man? Is he an artist, a philosophic artist, or is he merely a social propagandist, using the novel as a pulpit from which to proclaim his particular brand of radical reform? Questions not easily answered. It will be safer perhaps to admit that he is not exclusively one kind of man, that he manages somehow, without much seeming difficulty, to be several kinds at once.

An artist, assuredly, he is. Mr. Wells not only cares for beauty, he creates it. Formally speaking, "Meanwhile" is a balanced, thoughtfully proportioned whole. It has little incident, but the incident is tactfully selected and has a progressive rhythm of its own. The novel, purely as a novel, is well planned. The writing, moreover, purely as writing, has its special cadence and distinction. For a sensitive ear this will at once be established by almost any passage taken at random; a passage of commonplace will serve:

> It was hopeless even to try to make Philip understand what she was laughing at. So she just laughed and laughed, and then Philip lifted her up in his arms and kissed her and soothed her, and she cried a tear or so for no particular reason, Philip being such a dear, and then she was put into bed somehow and went to sleep.

That, certainly, is not an impressive fragment, but it is far from journalism; it is English prose.

* * *

Mr. Wells, too, has other gifts that go to the making of a major novelist. His characters—even his minor characters, even his fantastic characters with improbable names—come alive from the page. It is far from likely that even an expatriated American sybarite should be named Mr. Plantagenet-Buchan, yet Mr. Plantagenet-Buchan, though a slightly sketched caricature, undoubtedly exists. He is difficult to forget. As for Cynthia Rylands, the heroine and unifying consciousness of the present novel, she is completely and graciously herself from the first page to the last. The reader meets her as flesh and blood and learns to care for her as he cares for a valued friend. Insight, humor, a quick eye for those glinting, evanescent traits that make all the difference—all these things must be freely granted to the novelist (the poet, or maker) in H. G. Wells. His equipment for the fine art of prose fiction would seem to be undeniable and complete.

Yet it soon becomes evident, in the novel under consideration, that the artist in H. G. Wells, though authentic, is rigorously kept in a subordinate position. The veritable captain of his soul is another sort of being entirely, a militant, reforming spirit self-driven to change and benefit this stupid, intolerable world. In spite of its occasionally odd translations, the ruling passion of Mr. Wells is moral passion, an almost Hebraic concern for righteousness as the one possible source for our common well-being. Like Bernard Shaw in this, if not otherwise, he has prophetic fire in his belly, and it gives him no earthly peace. There is in him a grave, persistent fanaticism. He is essentially religious, a *seer*—one who scouts forward and points out the steep and narrow path. And like all moralists and idealists, he is a radical critic, an unsparing satirist of his times.

True, it would seem from the present novel, he is in no sense an orthodox religionist. It would be hardly possible to fit him into any established evangelical sect. Rather, indeed, one would have to range him with the advanced mystical wing of modern science—the new science which is at once scrupulous in its pursuit of fact, yet enlightenedly aware that all facts are relative with respect to each other and with respect to human perception. It is "the total expression of human experience" upon which Mr. Wells asks us to ponder, so that we may in the light of that total, that evolutionary, expression "think things through." For dark as the existing social chaos is, he does not permit it to daunt him. He is at farthest remove from the fashionable nihilism of our day. He is a fighting optimist. And as I am myself in full sympathy with many (though as strongly opposed to some) of his leading ideas, I not unnaturally cry "God bless him!"

But I ought not, I am aware, as a cautiously esthetic reviewer, to do so. I ought, indeed, to regret bitterly that the prophet and propagandist in Mr. Wells is spoiling an artistic novelist. However, why may I not for once be inconsistent and—genuine? Why may I not admit that few recent novels have given me more stimulating pleasure than his last—? It is a dangerous game that Mr. Wells is playing; for it is unquestionably true that a heavily moralized art, propagandist-art, smells of mortality. But possibly Mr. Wells is convinced that he who loses his life, in this sense, too, shall find it. If so, it is a deliberate and gracious sacrifice, and there is little further to be said, *meanwhile* . . .

Out of Her Need

THE LOVE-CHILD. By Edith Olivier. New York: The Viking Press. 1927.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

HERE is a book that many will like and more will not. But those who like it will be loud in its praise, will vaunt its limpid simplicity of style, its steady march of incidents each slight in itself, the delicate precision with which it holds its balance true, the restraint of its leashed emotion. A delicate, shimmering thing, it has the immateriality yet the radiance of a bubble, and like a bubble when it bursts all its elements are dissolved into air. Miss Olivier is a newcomer in the field of fiction, but she should go far. If she has passion as well as fancy, and a grip on realities as well as imagination, hers is a talent to watch.

Yet many will not like her book. For to like it one must be prepared to accept the impossible, to set reason aside for a time, and to live in a realm that may be either the unreal world of fantasy or the more terrible realm of the unbalanced mind. The "love-child" of Miss Olivier's tale is conceived of the starved emotions of a woman bereft of the only person who meant anything in her life and the revived memories of an imaginary playmate of her childhood whom the very passion of her craving for companionship brings to actual being. Agatha, deprived of human associates, recalls to her thought the "Clarissa" of her youth whom "when she was fourteen years old the caustic drops of Miss Marks's common sense" had "felled like a weed." With an adroitness that is true art Miss Olivier has woven the child at first into the dreams of the woman, then into her waking dreams, letting the obsession which she herself recognizes as madness grow until the real and the unreal are inextricably intertwined, and Clarissa usurps the story apparently a flesh and blood girl of ethereal charm. For nine-tenths of its length she is evolving into a creature of normal impulses and action, wrapt always however in a glamour that is of another world, and then at the touch of an earthly love she vanishes once more into the void from which she has sprung. "She had ceased upon the midnight."

Had Miss Olivier been content to end her book upon these words it would have had no roots in earth and would have been the fantasy tenuous and immaterial that conceivably it may still be regarded. But we suspect that Miss Olivier is realist as well as fantasist, and that her brief last chapter is a grim obeisance to truth. "When she looked at Agatha's mindless face, she saw that it was quite happy." Bright, pure Clarissa with her grace, and her lightsomeness, and her occasional wistfulness, was she nothing but the creation of a diseased mind, evolving out of its own frustration the image of a lost illusion? Fantasy or tragedy, this is a delicately wrought book, piercing in its sadness, arresting in its unsubstantiality.

Feminine Knights-Errant

UNKIND STAR. By Nancy Hoyt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

LISBON, Paris, Brussels, Rome, Vienna, and London, resting-places for Cintra and Lilias on their passionate pilgrimage across this unkind star,—Lilias and Cintra, born one summer night when "the stars, too warm to shine, winked dreamily," into a strangely uncharted world where old guide-posts had been torn down and no new ones erected, not even temporary detour indications. In days of old when knights were bold, dragons had a pleasantly unambiguous way of belching forth fire and smoke as indications of their true low nature, and as a rule they domiciled themselves, year by year, in one and the same spot that they might the more easily be avoided. Furthermore, no well-dressed knight ever thought of faring abroad without a complete suit of practically impervious armor. The two knights errant, ladies all, of Miss Hoyt's novel, appareled gossamer-wise, skirt continents, leap seas in an itinerary which would have given pause to the most travelled of their jousting predecessors.

* * *

Cintra Amory is the forthright and straight-thinking heroine. "Nothing for granted" might be her motto. Born in 1900, she approaches maturity at a time when ready-made ideals are in the discard: she takes her education in living, straight. What has-been-done and what is-being-done are not good enough for her. With courage, with sympathy, and with wit she faces the adventure of life: and she needs all three. In the end she is left with a baby and a husband, but it has been a long way round.

If Cintra is the more credible of the two, Lilias is the more fascinating. One of those lovely ladies, frail and fair by profession, who have moved so exquisitely through history and art, usually excused as having loved not wisely but too well, Lilias, finding that loving well is a lonely task, breaks with tradition and thenceforth loves very wisely indeed. She ends without a husband and without a baby, and that has been a long way round, too.

Miss Hoyt has the gift of the swift, sure phrase: the picturing phrase that carries with it through connotation all the reader's experiences with the object described, and the picturesque phrase that will attach itself through its bizarre aptness to the reader's future experiences with the object. The style of "Unkind Star" is brilliant and flexible, like the bracelets unforgettably designated as "service stripes" in "Roundabout." It is surprising, when Miss Hoyt has words so completely at her command to find that much of the conversation is unconvincing, little wooden blocks of speeches tossed between the realities of her characters.

* * *

The backgrounds, highly plural, of "Unkind Star" are arresting. The technique varies with the scenes. For some, flashes shown momentarily, Miss Hoyt has adapted the pointillist method to words, mere spots of color and light that yet produce both scene and situation. For others, a few significant phrases are used to give a period and an atmosphere: "The four starched shirt-fronts in the English Club creaked uneasily round the card-table; four brutally high white collars wilted on weary necks. The artifically broad shoulders of 1900 weighed oppressively on their wearers." Locations that carry on over longer stretches are built up, bit by bit, of minutiæ, down to the very name and make of powder spilled upon a dressing-table.

Miss Hoyt gives the impression of having almost too much material at her command. Her experience and imagination crowd events and people into her work that seem to be there rather because of their own individual interest than from any inner necessity of story. The worlds of "Roundabout" and "Unkind Star" are too full of a number of things to make any of them inevitable.

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The Life of an Idealist

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF KINGSLEY FAIRBRIDGE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK PARKER DAY

NOTHING is more inspiring than the autobiography of an idealist, who, undeterred by the dull resistance of nature, and the hampering impediments of actuality, presses on and follows his star to the end. The Autobiography of Kingsley Fairbridge makes the reader feel like gathering together the broken fragments of his own life, and again striving for what he dreamed of at twenty.

Kingsley Fairbridge's father, who was a surveyor for the Cape Government, took his family, when Kingsley was a little boy, to live in the rough village of Southern Rhodesia. He had no fear of living, nor did he deny to his son the right to live. Kingsley as a boy of twelve was sent on long journeys through the bush with a couple of native boys, to build huts on his father's claims, to explore the Zambesi, and to erect survey beacons on nameless kopjes. At this early age, he learned to command natives, to endure thirst, hunger, and the weariness of long treks in the blazing African sun, to sleep in the brown grass of the high veld, and stare up at the stars. His episodes of the relief of James Morrell's party, his exploration of the upper Zambesi, the stories of trapping Ingwi the leopard, and the death of the sable bull on the Sabi, will delight any boy who loves real adventure, and is jaded with the cardboard heroics of the wild west.

As Fairbridge wandered over the vast expanse of high veld, the seed of his great idea was sown in his mind. " 'Why are there no immigrants here' I thought. I found myself picking out little plateaux on the grassy slopes . . . here was a home for white men—wood and grass and plough land."

When he visited England the fulness of his vision burst upon him.

> That day I saw a street in the east end of London. It was a street crowded with children—dirty children, yet lovable, exhausted with the heat. No decent air, not enough food. The waste of it all! Children's lives wasting while the Empire cried aloud for men. There were workhouses full, orphanages full—and no farmers. . . . And then I saw it quite clearly. *Train the children to be farmers!* Not in England. Teach them farming in the land where they will farm. Give them gentle men and women for their mentors and guides, and give them farms of their own, where they may grow up among the gentle farm animals, proud of the former, understanding the latter. Shift the orphanages of Britain north, south, east, and west to the shores of greater Britain.

To this great idea he dedicated his life.

He got to Oxford by means of a Rhodes Scholarship, passed the entrance examinations with great labor, for he had had no schooling since he was ten, and in Oxford founded the Child Emigration Society with fifty Colonial Rhodes men, who on the first night of meeting contributed five shillings each as the initial endowment of the Society. Fairbridge never faltered; he procured land from the Australian government since none in Rhodesia was available, and despite ignorance, inertia, lack of funds, war, and malaria that wracked him, he carried out his work with the help of a wife who loved him and believed in him. For the hundreds of children he took overseas to new lands, he became, as necessity demanded, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a farmer, a teacher, a father. His life was nobly planned and nobly lived.

His prose halts in places, as if he had written when tired, but for the most part flows on with the splendid rhythm of his poems. Like poets before him he feels the magic of strange names; the music of Umbali, Umbassa, the Sabi, the Zambesi are sweet to his ear. The description of parting with his father is like the biblical narrative in its simplicity.

> The next day I set out in the direction of Old Umtali to find my father and bid him good-bye. I found him on the road beyond Christmas Pass. I said, "Good-bye, Dad, I am going to England" . . . We did not say much more, but my father told me again to come back soon. We looked at each other for a little while; and then my father took my hand and kissed me, and turned away.
>
> When I had gone some distance I stopped, and looked back. It was blazing hot, the dry road quivered under the sun, and the dry red dust lay deep. My father was standing in the middle of the road, looking after me. His grey flannel trousers to the knee were red with dust, for he had come some miles to meet me. . . . We waved our hands, and I went on; and that was the last time I saw him.

The BOWLING GREEN

Travail Forcé

OF course when I spoke of William Blake as of "our race" I meant, in a loose general way, the family of English-speakers. Such terms as Nordic, Anglo-Saxon, Aryan, etc., mean, I fear, little enough to me. But my friend Shaemas O'Sheel makes an interesting comment:

> Your words evoke, for anyone who has ever looked upon his picture, that "brow and arch of pate." And surely it is pleasant to think that he was of "our race." He was of our human race, and of our white race; and every man can follow his choice among the ethnological schools and say that Blake was of whatever race, Aryan or Nordic (though Heaven forbid!), or whatever classification will take in Teuton and Celt, Briton and Gael. But when you couple him with Shakespeare there is danger that the reader unacquainted with the facts will suppose you mean to place William Blake in the English race, or the British race. Won't you point out that, wholly and nobly as Blake identified himself with Britain, he was by *race*—by blood—somewhat more Irish than Dublin or Killarney or Mary McCann's donkey? His paternal grandfather was one John O'Neill, Irish-born and bred, who took the name Blake when he married one Ellen Blake, Irish-born and bred. William Blake's father was the son of John O'Neill but not of Ellen Blake; his mother seems unidentified, but, ninety-nine chances out of one hundred, was Irish, since he (Blake's father) was conceived and born in Ireland. In short, his blood was of the Irish O'Neills and his name was of the Irish Blakes. No Irishman, I am sure, would object to sharing his genius with England; but surely the Irish should object to quite relinquishing him.

* * *

Fred Melcher, the highly esteemed editor of the *Publishers' Weekly*, has an excellent idea that he propounds from time to time, and it is greatly to our taste. He writes:

> By the way, did you ever note my editorial on establishing bookstalls in New York? There is one perfect place for them, and that is along the iron fence on Fortieth Street next to Bryant Park. That sidewalk isn't crowded, the stalls could be hung on the iron fence, and what a wonderful place it would be to walk to at noon time. The city could rent them out at so much per ten foot. Can't you imagine how popular the post-cards would be showing the bookstalls and the library in the background? I've never yet had a friend go to Paris who didn't pick out the bookstalls and Notre Dame post-card to send back to me. If you could only put the benefit of your blessing on such a project, I am sure it would go through.

Alas, the Bowling Green's blessing is not necessarily advantageous to any project. In the wicked old down-town days every restaurant or doughnut-foundry we praised was sure to go bust. But the idea of bouquinistes on Fortieth Street is too good to lose: I immediately appoint Mr. James F. Drake, whose sanctum of rare editions overlooks those same railings, as unselfish chairman of a committee. How much money we could save by browsing in the boxes instead of going upstairs to Mr. Drake!

* * *

Once again, it strikes me this evening, Olivier-Merson becomes my favorite artist. He is the one who did the drawing that is reproduced on the hundred-franc notes. I wish I could print a picture of it here, but the warning is explicit. "Le contrefacteur sera puni des travaux forcés à perpetuité." But if you have ever turned over a little bundle of those pretty blue-and-yellow flimsies (pinned together in tens, as they always fix them in the French banks) and thought of all the possibilities they suggest, then you will not have forgotten M. Olivier-Merson's picture of the two deep-bosomed ladies.

They stand under two trees, one under apple boughs (symbolic of Normandy, I suppose) and the other beneath the tassels of a pine (the Midi?). And as you consider the pale familiar tints, and cast your mind forward to the blue crockery of the Wagon-Lits and the green hedgerows of the Etablissements Duval and the tartines beurrés of the Café-Bar de la Sorbonne, you begin to wonder whether it might not almost be worth while reprinting M. Olivier-Merson for the benefit of subscribers. After all, what travail could be more forcé than sitting down, the last night before a sudden vacation, to extenuate one's thoughts?

* * *

For the true thoughts of one about to vacate, like any other true thought, are perilous to publish. Surely none but a very Lunatic at Large anticipates sea voyage just as merriment. To be swung so irretrievably between blue and blue; to be actually aware that one lives on the asymptote of a curve (truth mercifully disguised on land); to face the meaningless unanswerable sea; to hear, damnably insisting, the dull clamor of crank and blade that churn you further and further from what you love and understand—aye, he is burnished in the treble bronze who esteems all that mere sport. To pass down the North River at a full-moon midnight, fugitive from such small sleepers, is something more than a joke. It is to live in the last line of a sonnet. Then you are something more than an essayist, emetic epithet.

These things, like most that are more than a joke, you keep to yourself.

* * *

Besides, there's a kind of indelicacy in mentioning Vacation in the presence of Subscribers. Subscribers should not be allowed to be aware that there are such phenomena. Suppose Subscribers should decide to take a vacation from subscribing?

Hastily I avert from such topic. Now is my chance to make real attack upon my long-postponed *Apprenons la Grammaire! Seul et Sans Peine* (Paris: Librairie Delagrave).—It belongs to a series called Bibliothèque des Chercheurs et des Curieux. Well, that's me. And with what jocund humor it begins by discussing Interjections:

> D'entre les mots qui ne changent pas, débarrassons-nous d'abord des interjections. Lorsque, enfonçant à coups de marteau un clou dans le mur, nous nous écrasons par mégarde un doigt, la douleur nous fait pousser un cri: *Aïe!* Ce cri, cette exclamation est, grammaticalement, une *interjection.* C'est moins qu'un mot, puisque c'est le cri d'un petit enfant qui ne sait pas encore parler, le cri par lequel l'homme primitif exprimait sa douleur, le cri que pousserait dans la même circonstance un Allemand, un Chinois, un Papou. C'est ce qui donne tant de sel à cette phrase, écrite fort sérieusement par le trop fécond romancier, Alexandre Dumas: "Ah! s'écria-t-il en portugais. . . ."

* * *

One other thing is on my mind. I promised to write a note about William Gillette's "The Astounding Crime on Torrington Road," and I haven't done so. I said I would do it aboard *Caronia*, but I know I shan't. So let me say here, with affectionate respect, that Mr. Gillette has been worthy of his high detecting associations. It is a notably ingenious tale, the best possible anodyne.

And now you see me, clean and shriven for the moment. Free, for a few days anyhow, to live merely in the heavenly rhetoric of the eye and no responsibilities toward paper. As innocent, in my secret valves, as those two little boys I saw from the train as they were bathing alone on the wide shore of Perth Amboy one hot afternoon. Arcades Amboy, I said to myself.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"That clever people, and especially clever people who are much given to the pen, do as a rule write a poor hand has often puzzled the curious-minded," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "and an American professor has just put forward the theory that this bad writing is due to the brain working much quicker than the muscles, which seems not unlikely. Yet some of our most prolific authors write not only a legible but quite a dainty hand—Arnold Bennett, for example, and, in a slightly less degree, Thomas Hardy, and even H. G. Wells. Oddly enough, those eminent lawyers, such as Lord Oxford and Lord Birkenhead, who have lately turned authors, nearly all write a hand that any child could read.

"Arnold Bennett was a solicitor, Thomas Hardy an architect, and H. G. Wells a draper, which explains much. On the other hand, the authors of whom this American professor was thinking were never much of anything in the business line except authors—President Roosevelt, for example, whose journalistic manuscripts never failed to produce a cold sweat on some poor sub-editor's brow, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, many of whose manuscripts remain unpublished because nobody can make head or tail of them. On this side of the Atlantic we have had many like them. Andrew Lang's hastily scribbled sheets for the leader column of the *Daily News* were dreaded almost as much as Roosevelt's political and tropical effusions. R. L. Stevenson had to write his stories laboriously from his original manuscript so that editors could read them. Thackeray, of course, made a specialty of clear handwriting, but it cost him a deal of effort. Carlyle's writing was described as 'awful,' and Sydney Smith had himself to admit that his handwriting looked for all the world as though a swarm of ants had escaped from an ink-well and crawled all over the paper. These men were bad writers simply because they cared not to be otherwise, and had never had any reason to care."

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Books of Special Interest

Tudor Drama

EARLY TUDOR DRAMA. Medwall, The Rastells, Heywood, and the More Circle. By A. W. REED. London: Methuen & Co.

Reviewed by JOHN BERDAN
Yale University

WITHIN the last few years English scholarship has recovered from the effects of the War. This last year has been peculiarly fortunate in the appearance of both "A Short-Title Catalogue of English Books, 1475-1640," by A. W. Pollard and G. R. Redgrave, assisted by a large group of scholars, and Reed's "Early Tudor Drama." The value of the first of these is evident at a glance; it is the second with which we have to do here. At once it must be stated that Mr. Reed's book is in refreshing contrast with the type of interpretative scholarship now so popular,—it would be invidious to mention names—in which the interpretation is startling in ratio as the facts are ignored. Here the criticism may be made that the work is so much documented that it makes hard reading, that for the ordinary student there is not sufficient indication given of the relative importance of the various events, and that in drawing deductions from the new facts presented Dr. Reed is overcautious. If these are the liabilities, the asset is that one puts down the book with a sense of conviction; Dr. Reed knows what he is talking about.

This sense of conviction arises from the type of work, a type of work that can be done only in England. Here in America our great libraries and our private collectors have gradually gathered, in the original form or in reprint, the majority of the writings of the various authors of the sixteenth century, so that it is for the occasional book only that one goes abroad. It is possible without leaving this country to read at least three-quarters of what any author wrote. But when we come to discuss the biographical questions concerning any given author we are woefully at a loss. It cannot be too strongly stated that, in contrast with our present point of view, the sixteenth century was little interested in the lives of the men who wrote their books. The first "dictionary of national biography" of English writers is by John Bale in 1548, greatly enlarged in 1559. However valuable this may be for the lists of the writings of the various authors, it must be confessed that the lives themselves consist of epitaph-like generalizations. Aside from tradition and much later gossip, our knowledge of the lives of the men depends upon the appearance of their names in some document of the time, such as the "Calendar of State Papers." Clearly, if the author chanced to be a great noble such as the Earl of Surrey, we have here first-hand information. Unfortunately as the majority of the men of letters was not of such high rank as to figure in the state papers, we must have recourse to other documents, such as wills, legal notices, etc. As very many of these remain unpublished, such work necessarily must be done in England.

Of workers in the first half of the sixteenth century in this field Dr. Reed is *facile princeps*. It is difficult to overstate the increase of our knowledge of the Rastells, the Heywoods, and the circle surrounding Sir Thomas More. With infinite patience he has combed the records of Somerset House and the Guild Hall, until he has put personality to what were before mere names. The fresh material is so great that it is impossible in a brief review to cover it, but for illustration let us take the first name in the book, that of John Rastell. In the 1896 volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography," E. Gordon Duff starts his life of John Rastell (d. 1536) "printer and lawyer, is stated by Bale to have been born in London, and by Wood to have been educated at Oxford." Dr. Reed tells us that John Rastell, son of Thomas, had his early associations with Coventry where he presumably was born about 1475. His first fee to the Corpus Christi Gild was paid in 1489; he was probably educated at the Middle Temple 1501; in 1499 he was already associated with the More circle, and by 1504 was married to Elizabeth More; in 1506 he succeeded his father as Coroner at Coventry, a time when he was visited by his brother-in-law, Thomas More; he was overseer of the will of Richard Cooke, who was inclined towards Lollardism; he resigned his Coronership in 1508, and by 1512 he had moved to London. While at Coventry he was active in devising pageants and interludes and the party strifes at Coventry had inclined him towards reform. In other words, the statement quoted from the D. N. B. is not only vague, but concretely wrong; he was not born in London and he did not go to Oxford! Adding a detail here and a detail there, dug with infinite patience from the old records, Dr. Reed traces the life of John Rastell through his acceptance of the grant of the property of Richard Hunne (and the difficulties that acceptance involved him in), his attempt at a voyage of discovery to the New Found Lands, his decoration of the great Hall at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, his experiences when a printer, his adherence to the new party under Cromwell, and his death in prison in "extreme misery, forsaken of his kinsmen, destitute of his friends, comfortless, and succourless," as he tells us himself. His personality emerges as eager, intellectually honest, but too sure of his opinions for a despotic age. Dr. Reed, in this connection, offers a new interpretation of the allegory of Heywood's "Spider and the Flie;" Rastell is the fly and Cranmer the spider of the first part. His account of Rastell is a veritable resurrection.

I have chosen Rastell as an illustration, but the same procedure has produced almost equally striking results in the case of William Rastell, and the Heywoods. These are particularly welcome in the case of John Heywood because, as is too often the case, allusions in documents to John Heywood are confusing owing to the fact that there were several contemporary John Heywoods. In particular there is a John Heywood, yeoman of the Crown who misled Collier, and in very recent years has proved the undoing of Professor Wallace, in his "Evolution of the Drama." With great care Dr. Reed separates the two, gives the facts of the life of the writer, John Heywood, and incidentally lays the ghost of Professor Wallace's "octavian Shakespeare." Unhappily error dies hard, and the tragedy is that students, deceived by the apparent documentation, will conscientiously teach it.

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Under these circumstances it may be well to state briefly the canon of the eleven plays, the authorship of which is discussed with careful detail. Henry Medwall is the author of "Nature" and the recently discovered "Fulgens and Lucres," which Dr. Reed has shown is a versification from Caxton. John Rastell is responsible for the "Four Elements, Gentleness and Nobility," and "Calisto and Meleboea." Of these three it is only the last that can be called in question. As I myself in 1920 ("Early Tudor Poetry"), had come to the conclusions both that it was by John Rastell and that it shows the influence of Sir Thomas More, naturally I hail Dr. Reed's concurrence with delight. Incidentally, it was not More but Hyrde in his translation of Vives who used the phrase "the baude mother of naughtynes." John Heywood is credited with the authorship of six plays. There is no question that he wrote the first three, "Witty and Witless," "Love," and "Wether;" the crux lies in the authorship of the second three, "Four PP," "Johan Johan," and "Pardoner and Frere," published anonymously. By careful discussion of the internal evidence Dr. Reed shows that if the "Four PP" be given to Heywood, the other two belong to him. But these three plays mark a distinct step in dramatic development. It is in this connection Dr. Reed makes a most fascinating suggestion. It will be remembered that Bale lists among More's works "Comoedias Iuuenles." What these were, whether they existed outside the mind of Bale's informant, we have no means of knowing. Now Dr. Reed insinuates that in these three plays we have either More's plays reworked by Heywood, or at least plays composed under More's inspiration. As yet, this is not possible of proof, but, if this hypothesis be accepted, it makes More one of the great innovators in the history of English literature.

The book closes with a chapter showing that the merry jests of the Widow Edyth were actualities and a chapter on the regulation of the book trade. And there are eleven appendices giving reprints of the documents. Without discussing these in detail, surely I have justified the superlatives used in the first paragraph of this review.

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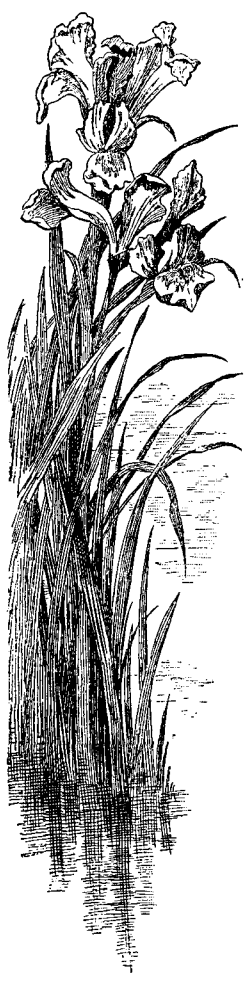

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Foreign Literature

In Turfan

AUF HELLAS SPUREN IN OST-TURKISTAN. By ALBERT VON LE COQ. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung. 1926.

Reviewed by DANIEL V. THOMPSON, JR.

THE greatest road which led to ancient Rome was the silk-route across Asia. Silk found its way from China into Bactria and Parthia, to Persia, India, and the Occident; and the padding feet of the camel trains which bor it to the West engraved the path which Buddhist faith and arts were to follow eastward to Cathay. The penetration of Buddhism from India into Central Asia took place along two routes: the first, through Bactria, across the Pamirs to Kashgar and Khotan, the second, over the formidable Karakorum Pass, to Yarkand, and beyond. There it was picked up along the trade-routes, and carried throughout the Middle Kingdom, to Korea and Japan.

Precisely how this penetration took place, to what influences the Art of Buddhist India was subjected during its long journey, and by what stages early Chinese Art evolved, are questions of burning interest to archæologists. The story of Buddhism is written in arduous places; in the shrines and temples of Gandhara, of Afghanistan and Turkestan it is written, carved, and painted. And if the archæologist would read it, he must go, as Foucher has gone, to the Bamian Valley, to read it there; to Tun Huang, "The Caves of the Thousand Buddhas," or to the oases of Turkestan, Turfan, the *Knotenpunkt* of the old trade-routes, Kutscha, and lesser sites.

The "Royal Prussian Turfan-Expeditions" were led by Dr. Albert von Le Coq and his colleagues, between 1902 and 1914, for the purpose of discovering, excavating, and acquiring documents to illustrate the arts and religions of Central Asia in the first ten centuries of the Christian era. In this they were notably successful, and invaluable collections of manuscripts and wall-paintings, sculptures, photographs, and records now housed in the Museum für Völkerkunde in Berlin bear witness to their zeal. The scientific aspects of these documents have been admirably treated in Dr. von Le Coq's "Chotscho" and in his "Buddhistische Spätantike in Mittelasien" series, and other monumental works. "Auf Hellas Spuren" is written in a lighter vein.

Le Coq, the veteran explorer, dean of Orientalists, has laid aside all *wissenschaftlichen Ballast* to give us in informal, conversational style a "personal account of his experiences in that distant, inaccessible, dusty, sunny land."

Le Coq, the keen, observant traveller, invites the reader with him to Turfan, by *tarantass* and *telega;* to spots unknown since Marco Polo's day, to Karachodscha, Bäzäklik, to Hami, and Qyzil, hard on the trail of the "traces of Hellas." It would be difficult to find a more fascinating book of travel and adventure. A copious fund of anecdote and picturesque detail, a whimsical humor, and a warm humanity season every page.

Le Coq, the genial scholar, has summarized in a scant thirty pages of introduction, the story of Hellenism in India and its consequences in Turkestan. In contact with post-Alexandrian Hellenic culture in the North and West, young Buddhism drew upon Greek models for its Pantheon just as the early Christians borrowed from the arts of pagan Rome. "Whenever the decadent Antique encounters an uncultivated religion, a new Art springs into being." This was the art, this Hellenistic-Indian hybrid, that the missionaries of Buddhism took with them East, over the Pamirs or the Karakorum Pass.

It is true that some scholars are less inclined than von Le Coq to see Greek influence in Oriental Art. But "Auf Hellas Spuren" is not misnamed. It opens delightful doors, and offers to the intelligent layman a sound new pathway to the Arts of the Far East.

Houghton Mifflin Company announce that they have been securing stray copies of some of their special editions, with the aim of assembling a set of the Riverside Press Editions. They say that the scarcity of these items, which were issued under the direction of Bruce Rogers, and the marked increase in prices, is a matter of keen satisfaction. It shows unmistakably the appreciation of booklovers for the careful selection of material for these limited editions, and the soundness of investing in books of excellent typography and appropriate format.

Mothers and Daughters

TOCHTER: DER ROMAN ZWEIER GENERATIONEN. By GABRIELE REUTER. Berlin: Ullstein Verlag. 1927.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

NO German writer is better qualified than Gabriele Reuter to write a novel of this type, contrasting the older and the younger generation of women. For it was she who, in 1895, gave Germany, in her novel "Aus Guter Familie," the equivalent of "The Woman Who Did," and sounded the fanfare of "emancipation," since when she has followed, with acuter observation than the *feuilletonisch* style of her books would lead one to suppose, the trend of ideas and habits of the succeeding generation. The result is disillusion, but it would hardly be fair to call it the disillusionment of advancing years. Miss Rose Macaulay's succeeding ages of women in "Told by an Idiot" find that their inhibitions, their thrilling challenges to current morality, their rebellions against convention, all come more or less to the same thing. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* But if this novel of Gabriele Reuter is to be taken as in any way an accurate picture—and we repeat that, against our first impressions, we are convinced of its truth of observation—there is not only an important difference between the "woman who did" when she was young, and the same woman thirty years later; there is also a really fundamental difference between her and her daughters, due to more than the customary misunderstandings between maturity and adolescence. It is a difference that seems inherent in European, or at least, since we are reviewing a German novel, let us say, German civilization. Perhaps a short summary of Gabriele Reuter's work will serve to make the point clear.

Dorothee, daughter of conventional people, marries the brilliant archæologist Professor Peter Cardenius, not before, however, she has, in a moment of abandon—"the woman who did"—had a child by him. Far away in a remote part of Greece, however, this defiance of convention is easily kept a secret, and an apparently successful married life follows, marred, towards the end of Peter Cardenius's life, by a jealousy on his part for which there was no serious cause. The mother, the joys of independence over, devotes herself to bringing up her two daughters, Petra and Helge. The elder comes to maturity at about the beginning of the war and marries a man of sceptical, materialistic outlook, from whom she parts, and whose child conveniently dies (the novelist, we have calculated, escapes from no less than four awkward situations by letting her characters die). In all the excitement of the war, the uprooting of standards, the stimulation of emotions, Petra gradually becomes completely abandoned to luxury and pleasure. Whereas, however, her mother had felt the departure from conventional morality to be a defiance of a standard, Petra seems to have no such consciousness; moreover, the ring of liberty and successful emancipation in the experience of the mother seems wanting with the daughter; with her it is sheer, conscienceless abandon.

The really tragic figure however, is the mother. Her hands are tied, not only by her own adventure, the knowledge of which has come to Petra's ears, but by the fact that not only has she cast down the standards of her parents, but by doubts of the value of her own "ideals" of liberty. The moral agnosticism of the age has entered her soul and paralyzed her action. To her second daughter, the beautiful Helge, she clings more closely. The child is young and innocent; a naïve love-story is all her experience, but her very ingenuousness attracts the passionate, decadent dancer Lescinska, and it looks as if she too were on the brink of the moral and emotional abyss into which Petra, deserted by the millionaire to whom she had given herself, eventually falls. How unravel this problem? Gabriele Reuter simply does not; she lets Petra marry respectably, and Helge, in whose future we were getting interested, is killed in a motor-accident. The technique is old-fashioned, so often is the style, but the situation is vivid and as a popular, but not absurdly romantic, summing-up of a certain phase of German social life in the last thirty years, the novel is well worth reading.

By a regrettable oversight "A Dictionary of English Pronunciation with American Variants," which was reviewed in the last issue of the *Saturday Review*, was credited only to the English publishers. The book has been brought out in this country by D. Appleton & Company.

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Points of View

Duty and Desire

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Dr. Henry Seidel Canby writing in *The Saturday Review of Literature* some months ago of Quakers and Puritans, said:

"It is, indeed, not the ethical formula for making everybody good that is the chief legacy of the Puritans, nor, except in weak forms, their dominant fear of the passions. Nor is it their anti-estheticism, for in that, if they were blind to color and deaf to music, their intellectual sense of proportion, their appreciation of decorous beauty, is manifest in their furniture, their houses, and most of all in the exquisite order of such of their villages as we have not yet destroyed. Nor have the ideas, which intellectuals usually leave behind them, in this case survived in any consistency. No, it is a mental habit which New England chiefly gave to the United States, a deep-lying will to achieve and accomplish, essential at first to all Calvinists who could never know whether they were of the elect or the damned unless they strove unendingly, and in the decline of Calvinism became a will to succeed in any fashion, not to lie down and take one's ease, not to be content with what one was or had, never to cease trying to rise in the scale, which in a hunderd forms, many degenerate, some admirable, is a part of American strenuosity throughout history. The aim was lost or transmuted, the will, the habit, the custom of energy remained.

"That the influence of a pioneer environment with its obstacles which had to be overcome was great in this, I of course do not deny, and that boundless opportunity in the same environment also called forth the will is obvious. Nor do I forget the later Scotch-Irish whose equivalent doctrine had like effects. Climate too has been a factor. The more carefully one studies American literature, religion, and social history, the more evident and the more continuous does this mental habit appear. And in both its ethical and unethical forms —whether in the reforming clergyman, or the American undergraduate strenuous beyond comparison in the pursuit of his own ideals—it is essentially Puritan (as Keyserling incidentally has recently stated) and specifically in America owes its strongest impulses and immediate origin to the leaders of New England thought who were the strongest moral and intellectual force in our early history."

I take it that the chief aim of God, nature, or evolution is the voluntary development of consciously molded character, constantly salted down into subconscious strata, but with new characteristics always in the making.

If the development of character is the aim of evolution the Puritans were right in refusing to "lie down and take one's ease," or to be content "with what one was or had," and in never ceasing to try to rise in the scale.

The man who at or prior to his prime, when he has developed his full faculties, lies down content, will become stationary and then retrogressive. Instead of gaining more character, he will start losing that which he has already gained.

In the matter of character development, I take it as my starting premise that the Duty-will must be supreme over the Desire-will. In the formation of character the two wills may struggle in the early stages of the contest, but unless the Duty-will shall eventually dominate, the character will not grow. Long continued dominance of the Duty-will finally remolds the Desire-will into an agent of its own. When that stage is reached, there should be an acquisition of new duties, or the Duty-will will tend to atrophy. The Desire-will left to its own devices and unchecked by the Duty-will will cause men to degenerate into beasts. The Desire-will alone will never raise beasts into men. Rome probably began its real decay at the point where the Roman Duty-will had decayed or been definitely conquered by the Desire- or Pleasure-will.

This observation holds true through all evolution. It is the species which is gripped and driven by some will or instinct higher than its desires that is growing or developing. It is the pleasure-led species which is moving toward extinction or decay. There are many forms of incentive operating upon the Duty-will, such as patriotism, love of offspring or mates, compassion, sympathy for others, and so forth.

Perhaps the highest form of duty-incentive is an unselfish patriotism to God known as Faith, although it may be that pure altruism, where it is secret and not seeking popular acclaim or other reward, may run patriotism a close second. Where altruism is coupled with a belief in Materialism it is perhaps even a higher or less selfish thing than Faith. But the point is that the demands of character-growth require that in all man's crucial combats between Duty and Desire, the former shall triumph if the character is to maintain its integrity. This does not mean that Duty shall assume the task of thwarting or stamping out Desire. Such a course of conduct would produce a dour and terrible character, one all out of balance. No; Duty should work with and use Desire, letting the latter grow, merely guiding it now and then, and subduing it only at the Waterloos and Marengos of life.

The Puritan made the mistake of not letting the Duty-will work only eight hours per day and then giving the Desire-will rein for a few hours of recreation before sleep. The apotheosis of an unbalanced or overgrown Duty-will is usually a John Calvin or a Jonathan Edwards, while the apotheosis of the Desire-will is a Falstaff—a sheer bundle of uncontrolled passions and appetites. A man who is dominated by his desires descends towards animality. As he learns to regulate or control his desires (not to starve, but sanely to exercise and even normally to satisfy them) he rises in the scale of mandom.

CRICHTON CLARKE.
New York City.

A Neglected Work

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Somewhere you have said—it was quoted in the Oxford Press *Periodical*—something to the effect that *The Saturday Review* feels a special and personal responsibility for such books of real genius as may get lost in the shuffle.

This declaration ought to make you the very magazine for me to write to regarding a work which can stand alongside the classics of any literature and yet which is unread by all the *literati* of my acquaintance and generally, I believe. I am sure it would make a special appeal to you.

I refer to the "Labyrinth of the World," by Komensky (1592-1671) more commonly known as Comenius. And my special reason for referring to it at this time is that while Count Lützvio's translation will give you a good idea of the work it is not an adequate translation.

The need for a better has been supplied by my friend Dr. Spinka of Chicago. But publishers have not rushed for his manuscript. It is a juncture at which I feel you might have something to say.

A. J. R. SCHUMAKER.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Derivation

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

The review of Ewers's "Der Zauberlehrling" (in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for July 16, 1927) omits what seems to me an important though small matter, the derivation of the title. Most well read Germans would at once think of Goethe's short poem by that name, and could infer from it, in general terms, what would happen in the story.

CLIFFORD H. BISSELL.

The Copeland Reader

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Mr. Gavit, reviewing the Copeland Reader, wonders why it includes translations only from Hebrew and Greek, not also from French and German. I suggest two possibilities: (1) Mr. Copeland's purpose required that the translations be well done; exceptions to the rule that all translations are ill done are rare; the greater lapse of time has given opportunity for a larger number of tolerable translations to come into existence, and to be sifted out by the survival of the fittest, in the case of the ancient languages; or (2) Mr. Copeland thought the students might read their French and German in the original, and get merits which would only be damaged by knowing the passages first in translation, but he despaired of their reading the Hebrew and Greek in the original.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.
Ballard Vale, Mass.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

STUDIES IN FLORENTINE PAINTING. The Fourteenth Century. By RICHARD OFFNER. New York: Frederic Fairchild Sherman. 1927. $25 net.

Most of these essays have appeared in briefer form in various Italian and American magazines. All show a cautious and perceptive scholarship, and the results are likely to be accepted. The method of presentation is excellent. Each reconstruction is accompanied by a plate on which are grouped many probative details. The broader importance of these studies is to show the considerable diversity of a school that has generally been too summarily divided as Giottesque and Lorenzettian. For example, in the essay devoted to Pacino di Bonaguida, hitherto a sadly over-attributed master, we find a sprightly narrative tendency, deriving probably from the Cecelia Master, and nearly independent of Siena. In Jacopo del Casentino, first fully reconstructed by Dr. Offner, we have the same tendency continued with superficial Giottesque and Sienese admixtures.

Dr. Offner rarely touches major artists, but his study of Nardo di Cione is important for the whole Orcagnesque problem, especially in relieving Orcagna himself of the attributions which Sirén and Suida have too generously bestowed upon the great sculptor painter. From the evolutionary point of view the solid reconstruction of Antonio Veneziano's work is the most valuable contribution of the book. Incidentally it lends credence to the Vasarian view of a progress through Starnina to Masolino. One welcomes also the rediscovery of a charming little romantic narrator in Nardo's follower, Niccolo di Tommaso, who anticipates by a generation Masolino's gentle sentimentality.

A final essay on method is irritating for its crabbed style, but critically important. Divested of psychological subtleties, it amounts to saying that the connoisseur is merely one capable of experiencing very keen and precise feelings before a picture, and of retaining them in intellectualized form. When he meets an identical feeling before another picture, he has to do with a work of the same artist. Upon such mystical experience and a fine memory we believe the act of connoisseurship always has rested and always must rest. Thus the morphological method of Morelli and the new archæological method of Berenson are to be regarded not as procedures of discovery, but simply as expedients of demonstration. In a better world than ours neither the connoisseur nor the theologian would need to give rational proofs for his self-sufficient intuitions.

At all points Dr. Offner's book displays a fine and cautious connoisseurship and a rich critical intelligence which deserve a more simple and lucid presentation than that which they have received. The book is made with that costly fastidiousness which marks all of Mr. Sherman's publications. One pages it over with mingled delight and regret, realizing that it is inaccessible to many of those students, especially in Europe, who need it most.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE OF THE BRITISH ISLES. By *P. L. Dickinson.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

ENGLISH GOTHIC CHURCHES. By *Charles W. Dudden.* Scribners. $2.75.

THE APPROACH TO PAINTING. By *Thomas Bodkin.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

LANDMARKS IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING. By *Clive Bell.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

PICTURES AND HOW TO CLEAN THEM. By *Thomas Richard Beaufort.* Stokes. $2.50.

NOTES ON GREEK SCULPTURE. By *Sir Charles Walston.* Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan).

Belles Lettres

OPEN HOUSE. By *J. B. Priestley.* Harpers. $2.50.

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS, ETC. By *Leonard Woolf.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

PEEPS AT THE MIGHTY. By *Patrick Braybrooke.* Lippincott. $2.50.

OPINIONS. By *Claude Washburn.* Dutton. $3.

THE SEARCH FOR ATLANTIS. By *Edwin Björkman.* Knopf. $2.

STUFF AND NONSENSE. By *Don Rose.* Bryn Athyn, Pa.: Donald F. Rose.

THE LITERATURE OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. By *Adolf Erman.* Translated by Aylward M. Blackman. Dutton. $6.

THE LIGHT READING OF OUR ANCESTORS. By Lord Ernle. Brentanos. $3.50.

Biography

THE LOST SWORD OF SHAMYL. By LEWIS STANTON PALEN. Houghton Mifflin. 1927. $2.50.

The adult reader will perhaps find this record of coincidence and experience of mild interest, and its principal appeal, despite the fact that the book is not put forth as a juvenile, will be to the youthful reader. It is a record of certain episodes in the boyhood of the "White Devil of Russia," and of the remarkable fashion in which he recovered, some years after it had been taken from him by the Bolsheviks, the sword of the famous Caucasian chief, Shamyl, which he had carried through his fighting in the Russian army. The book contains some interesting portrayal of life on a Russian estate on the steppes where the riding and breaking of horses closely parallels that on our own western ranges, a sympathetic sketch of a sturdy and kindly old Cossack, and some encounters and escapes that are told simply but with animation. The book is embellished by spirited illustrations by Prince Serge Cantacuzene-Speransky.

JESUS. By *Shirley Jackson Case.* University of Chicago Press. $3.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND IN 1675. By *Marie Catherine, Baronne d'Aulroy.* Translated by Mrs. William Henry Arthur. Edited by George David Gilbert. Dutton. $5.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-COLORED MAN. By *James Weldon Johnson.* Knopf. $3 net.

BENEDETTO CROCE. By *R. G. Collingwood.* Oxford University Press. $2.

CAVOUR. By *Maurice Paléologue.* Harpers.

CARLYLE AT HIS ZENITH. By *David Alec Wilson.* Dutton. $5.

SELECTED LETTERS OF BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL. Dutton. $2.

THE MAIN STEM. By *William Edge.* Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. By *J. B. Priestley.* Macmillan. $1.25.

SHAKESPEARE, ACTOR-POET. By *Clara Longworth de Chambrun.*

Drama

MARINERS. By *Clemence Dane.* Macmillan.

BEN JONSON. Edited by *C. H. Herford* and *Percy Simpson.* Vol. III. Oxford University Press. $7.

HEAVENLY DISCOURSE. By *Charles Erskine Scott Wood.* Vanguard. 50 cents.

THE SONG OF SOLOMON. By *Hubert Osborne.* Appleton. $1.25.

STATION YYYY. By *Booth Tarkington.* Appleton.

THE TRAVELLERS. By *Booth Tarkington.* Appleton.

Education

A GRAMMAR OF MISHNAIC HEBREW. By *M. H. Segal.* Oxford University Press. $5.

AN INTRODUCTION TO OLD NORSE. By *E. V. Gordon.* Oxford University Press. $3.50.

DE QUINCEY. Edited by *M. R. Ridley.* Oxford University Press. $1.25.

NORTH AMERICA. By *C. Matheson.* Oxford University Press. $1.25.

GENS QUI PASSENT. By *Paul Margueritte.* Edited by F. C. Green. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

CONTES DE MINNIE. By *André Lichtenberger.* Edited by J. G. Anderson. Oxford University Press. 45 cents.

PRE-SCHOOL EDUCATION. By *Ilse Forest.* Macmillan.

HUMANIZING EDUCATION. By *Samuel D. Schmalhausen.* Macaulay.

Fiction

MISS BROWN OF X. Y. O. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.

Mr. Oppenheim turns out his stories to so set a pattern that reviews of a new one seem scarcely a necessity. Here again he builds his tale about an international conspiracy of fearful portent, supplies a British official of high importance to render it abortive, and involves in the toils of the intelligence service a young girl who is suddenly translated from the humdrum existence of a typist to a life of sudden alarms and perils. Needless to say his story moves with rapidity, carried in large part on its swift, staccato dialogue and that it never lacks for exciting incident.

THE INN OF THE HAWK AND RAVEN. By GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. Dodd, Mead. $2.

Those many readers who delighted in Mr. McCutcheon's earlier tales of Graustark will rejoice to find him turning again to that imaginary kingdom for his scene. Here once more is a pleasing novel, running, to be sure, true to form, but ringing the changes on familiar romantic material with sufficient adroitness and grace to give charm to its story. Mr. McCutcheon knows how to invest his background with glamour, and his personalities with robustness, and he has created a sufficiently original situation in his capture of a Graustarkian dragoon and his presentation of him by an outlaw chief as a birthday gift to his daughter to supply a mild flutter of uncertainty to his tale. Lovers of romantic fiction will find agreeable reading in this book.

DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN. By *W. L. River.* Simon & Schuster. $2.

SILENT GUESTS. By *A. E. Forrest.* Covici. $2.

THE DEVIL OF PEI-LING. By *Herbert Asbury.* Macy-Masius. $2.

JOSELIN TAKES A HAND. By *Andrew Cassels Brown.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE CAT'S EYE. By *R. Austin Freeman.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE HAND OF HORROR. By *Owen Fox Jerome.* Clode. $2 net.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM. By *Olive Schreiner.* Modern Library. 95 cents net.

BARBERRY BUSH. By *Kathleen Norris.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE DARK CHAMBER. By *Leonard Cline.* Viking Press. $2.

THE REIGN OF GREED. By *José Rizal.* Translated by Charles E. Derbyshire. Manila: Philippine Education Company.

THE END OF A WORLD. By *Claude Anet.* Knopf.

COASTER CAPTAIN. By *James B. Connolly.* Macy-Masius. $2.

FO' MEALS A DAY. By *Hugh Wiley.* Knopf. $2.50.

MANCHU BLOOD. By *Hugh Wiley.* Knopf. $2.50.

(Continued on next page)

"Selby and Marsh!" Can't you see it? We'll knock 'em dead! Two fifty a week in the Big Time—and then maybe the 'legit'!" Thus George Selby—carefree, loveable, worthless George—and Zelda, persuaded by his high enthusiasm and her own despair, agreed. Thus came the pained, happy years of heart-breaking work, and back-breaking midnight jumps—stolen hours of enjoyment, gossip and half a game of cards over a sandwich and beer between "turns"—then, gradually, disillusionment with relief only in harder and harder work. A worthless husband and a trained dog—was this the end to which her driving ambition had destined her?

ZELDA MARSH

CHARLES·G·NORRIS

Author of Brass. Bread, Salt, Pig Iron

When success came, "Zelda Marsh," alone, was the name glaring in lights over the theatre entrance. George, and the "small time," were lost in the limbo of the past. Dr. Boylston, Michael, too—the men who had loved her and to whom she had given everything—were shadows of the depths from which she had risen triumphant. Yet in the moment of her success they came to claim her. Then for the first time, Zelda had to choose . . .

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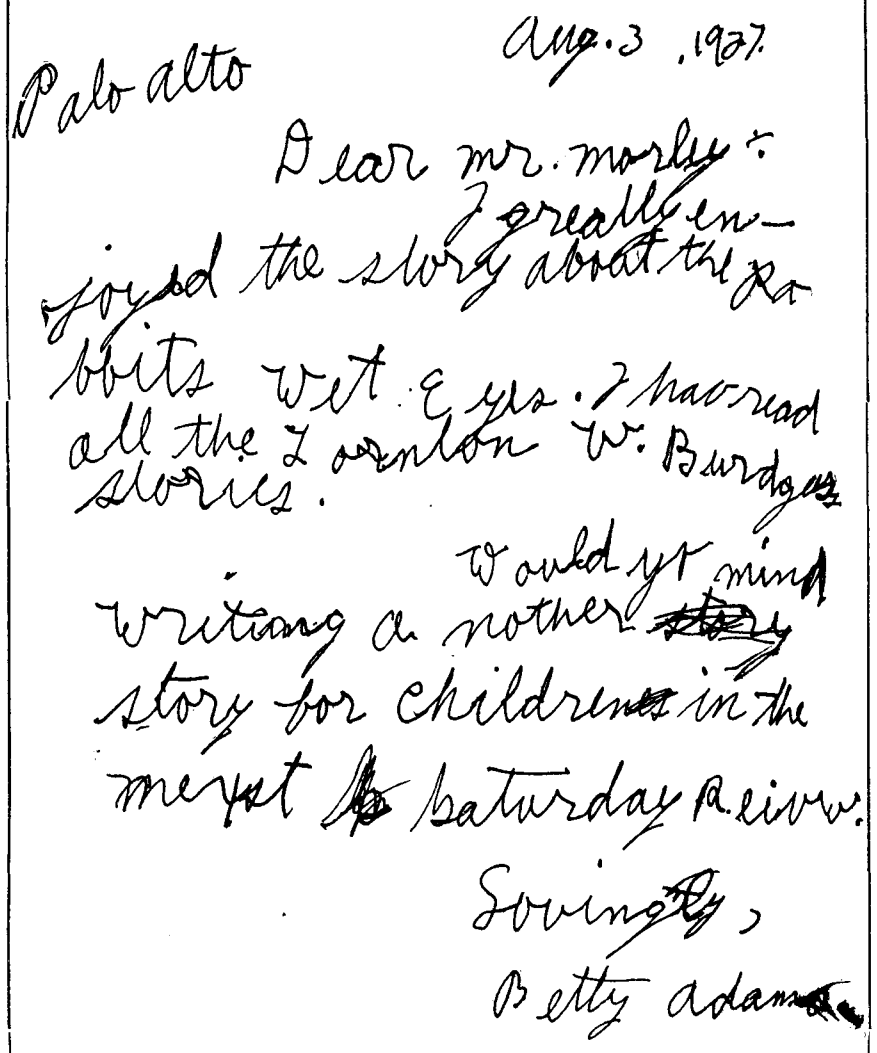
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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Fiction

VIVANTI. By *Sydney Horler*. $2 net.

FLOWERING QUINCE. By *Dorothy Van Doren*. Doran. $2.50 net.

SOLEMN BOY. By *Hector Bolitho*. Doran. $2 net.

THE DRUMS OF PANIC. By *Martin Feinstein*. Macy-Masius. $2.

RUBIES. By *Louis Moresby*. Doran. $2 net.

THE END OF A WORLD. By *Claude Anet*. Knopf.

THE ENTERTAINMENT AND OTHER STORIES. By *E. W. Delafield*. Harpers. $2.50.

THE SPREADING DAWN. By *Basil King*. Harpers. $2.

MARRIAGE OF HARLEQUIN. By *Pamela Frankau*. Harpers. $2.

IMPATIENT GRISELDA. By *Dorothy Scarborough*. Harpers. $2.

UPLANDS. By *Mary Ellen Chase*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

SINGING RIVER. By *Alice De Ford*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

THE SOWERS OF THE WIND. By *Richard Dehan*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

THE PALLID GIANT. By *Pierrepont B. Noyes*. Revell. $2.

THE MAN IN THE SANDHILLS. By *Antony Marsden*. A. & C. Boni. $2.

THE BACCHANTE. By *Robert Hickens*. Cosmopolitan. $2.50.

KRYLOV'S FABLES. Translated by *Sir Bunard Pares*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

THE HOUSE MADE WITH HANDS. By the author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE WIND THAT WOULDN'T BLOW. By *Arthur Bowie Chrisman*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE MARKED MAN. By *Karl W. Detzer*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

THE TAPESTRY. By *J. D. Beresford*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE QUEEN'S GATE MYSTERY. By *Herbert Adams*. Lippincott. $2.

THE THUNDERER. By *E. Barrington*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK. By *Lyon Mearson*. Macaulay. $2.

THE CROOK'S GAME. By *George Dilnot*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

History

THE COLONIZATION OF NEW ZEALAND. By *J. S. Marois*. Oxford University Press. $5.

ESSAYS IN HISTORY. Edited by *H. W. C. Davis* Oxford University Press. $7.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRANKS. By *Gregory of Tours*. Translated with an Introduction by O. W. Dalton. Oxford University Press. 2 vols. $15.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION. By *Harrison C. Thomas* and *William A. Hamm*. Vanguard. 50 cents.

FIVE YEARS IN TURKEY. By *Liman von Sanders*. Annapolis: United States Naval Institute.

International

EMPIRE SETTLEMENT. By *Sir John A. R. Marriott*. Oxford University Press. $1.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA. By *P. T. Etherton*. Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

NAVIES AND NATIONS. By *Hector C. Bywater*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Juvenile

EMILY'S QUEST. By *L. M. Montgomery*. Stokes. $2.

GAY-NECK. By *Dhan Gopal Mukerji*. Dutton. $2.25.

JOLLY GOOD TIMES. By *Mary P. Wells Smith*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

PETERSHAM'S HILL. By *Grace Taber Hallock*. Dutton. $2.

AFTER SCHOOL. By *Laurie York Erskine*. Appleton. $1.

ALIAS SANTA CLAUS. By *Percival Wilde*. Appleton. $1.25.

BOB, THE SPANIEL. By *Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff*. Watt. $1.50.

THE TEN DREAMS OF ZACH PETERS. By *Hermann Hagedorn*. Winston.

PLAYING WITH CLAY. By *Ida W. Wheeler*. Macmillan. $2.

KAK. By *Vilhjalmur Stefansson* and *Violet Irwin*. Macmillan.

THE ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM TUCKERS. By *George Halsey Gillham*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

JOHN HOLMES AT ANNAPOLIS. By *Vincent H. Godfrey*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

TREASURES OF A HUNDRED COOKS. By MARY ALLEN HULBERT. Appleton. 1927. $2.50.

Even the well-stocked kitchen shelf might well add this new cook book to its list for its recipes are many of them out of the usual and would offer a welcome opportunity for novelty to the harassed housekeeper. Miss Hulbert is catholic in her range, and has drawn on the cooking of various nations for her concoctions. She has, moreover, made selections that are neither difficult of preparation nor composed of ingredients that are hard to procure or particularly expensive. Indeed, her manual is a practical one that the inexperienced cook as well as the expert should be glad to have.

THE NEW BOOK OF MAGIC. By PROFESSOR PARADISE. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $1.50 net.

Children, and those children of an elder growth who never grow too old to be fascinated by necromancy, will rejoice in this volume which reveals some of the tricks of the magician. It contains a collection of what might be termed recipes for prestidigitation, employing for them sufficiently simple ingredients to bring them within the possibility of the amateur. Many an apparent marvel of magic is here revealed the production of which should afford good parlor or nursery entertainment.

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MAKE 'EM LAUGH. By *Charles N. Lurie*. Putnams. $1.90.

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BUSINESS FORECASTING AND ITS PRACTICAL APPLICATION. By *William Wallace*. Putnams. $2.25.

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ENGLISH STAINED GLASS. By *Herbert Read*. Putnams. $26.

EPITAPHS. Compiled by *William H. Beable*. Crowell. $1.75 net.

EPIGRAMS. Edited by *Walter Jerrold*. Crowell. $1.75 net.

THE EVIL RELIGION DOES. By *Morrison I. Swift*. Boston: Liberty Press. $2.

MUSIC. By *Eaglefield Hull*. Dutton. $5.

PLANT HUNTING. By *Ernest H. Wilson*. Stratford. 2 vols. $15.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR. By *C. L. M. Brown*. Oxford University Press. $1.

PERSONAL HYGIENE FOR WOMEN. By *Clelia Dual Mosher*. Stanford University Press. $1.50.

ENGLISH HOMES. By *H. Avray Tipping*. Vol. II. Scribners. $25.

BRIDLE WISE. By *Lt. Col. S. G. Goldschmidt*. Scribners. $5 net.

BACKYARD EXPLORATION. By *Paul Griswold Homes*. Doubleday, Page. $6.

THE A. B. C. OF GEOLOGY. By *Allison Hardy*. New York: Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

(*Continued on next page*)

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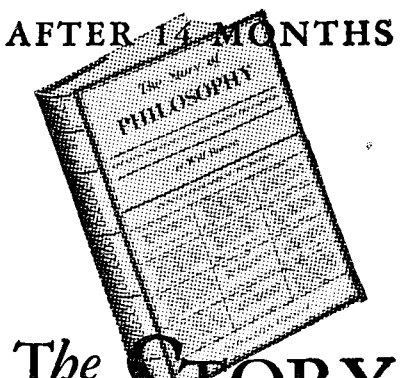

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

R. S., Dowagiac, Mich., planning a motor trip through New England, asks for books with information on historic and scenic high spots.

"SEEING THE EASTERN STATES," by John T. Faris (Lippincott), is a large, well-illustrated travel-guide, one of a series much used in planning motor tours. "New England Highways and Byways from a Motor Car," by Thomas D. Murphy (Page), describes a trip taken in the golden Northern month of September, 100 miles a day; half the pictures are in color. "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border," by Katharine M. Abbott (Putnams), covers Connecticut towns, the Deerfield region, the Berkshires, and other famous localities. "Old New England Inns," by Mary C. Crawford (Page), Mary Northend's "We Visit Old Inns" (Small, Maynard), and "The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees," by Mary C. Crawford (Page), are interesting not only to legend-lovers but to antique-hunters. "Touring New England on the Trail of the Yankee," by Clara Walker Whiteside (Penn), is an illustrated record of a trip from the neighborhood of Greenwich through New Haven, Lyme, Providence, New Bedford, northward, taking in the Peterborough Colony. W. E. Kitchin's "Wonderland of the East" (Page), is for the guidance of motor tourists, with good pictures of scenic attractions.

My own favorite approach to New England—though I am glad enough for the motor journeys on which I have been taken so many times—is by the humble secondary road or foot-path—best of all, the mountain trail. The present headquarters of this department is along the road in Vermont. I am therefore in a position to appreciate books like "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," by Odell Shepard (Houghton Mifflin), essays derived from walking experiences in this part of the world, "Vacation Tramps in New England Highlands," by Allen Chamberlain (Houghton Mifflin), a small book that will open a new country to many walkers, and "Trails and Summits of the Green Mountains," by Walter Collins O'Kane (Houghton Mifflin). This is pocket-sized, and has besides the information the mountain-climber needs, the story of the opening of the trails.

P. H. B., Chester, Vt., asks for books on numismatics, and information on the present value of old coins.

"CHATS ON OLD COINS," by F. W. Burgess (Stokes), gives facts about coins of ancient and modern Europe, the United States and the British colonies, also about tokens. The bibliography will give an enthusiast further leads. *The Numismatist*, a monthly magazine for collectors of coins, medals, and paper money, is published at Federalsburg, Md.

E. R. P., New York, asks for novels about Rome and Berlin, in line with the list of novels with Paris as their scene.

MODERN Rome is the scene of Wilfranc Hubbard's "Donna Lisa" (Macmillan), but the leading characters are all foreigners, and the young lady in the centre comes from Virginia. Isabel C. Clarke's "It Happened in Rome" (Benziger), takes place in the Pilgrimage Year, with the Holy City crowded with tourists and pilgrims; the heroine is a convert and the divorce problem figures in the plot. T. W. Wilder's spectacular "The Cabala" (A. & C. Boni), presents a brilliant group in high society. "Pagan Fire," by Norval Richardson (Scribners), concerns an ambassador's wife. "The Harvest Moon" (Doran), which though written by J. S. Fletcher, is not a detective story, places a good part of its action at Rome, where the descriptions of architecture are quite detailed; this story is concerned with the descendants of Dutch engineers and workmen brought over by Charles I to drain the great marsh in the southern corner of Yorkshire, and still preserving there a Dutch landscape peopled with Dutch-named Englishmen. "Roman Pictures," by Percy Lubbock (Scribners), is not really a novel, I suppose; the thread holding in line these lovely sketches is very slight, but I know of no better book for getting a sense of scene in the Holy City—especially if with it is read the only book I know at all like Lubbock's, though not imitated from it, Stark Young's sketches of Rome in "The Three Fountains" (Scribner). "Things Greater Than He," by L. Zuccoli (Holt), is an unforgettable story of a misunderstood boy; the pictures of everyday family life are not elsewhere to be found in translation.

This inquirer—the initials are those of Edwin Robert Petre, head of the Institute of Foreign Travel and author of the practical little guide for the first trip abroad, "When You Go to Europe" (Literary Digest)—says that he is familiar with the older publications of this sort, so I do not tell him of the six novels of Marion Crawford that deal with Rome, though the beginner should know that the beaver-like industry of Crawford in documenting his writings make his references to places and historic events unusually reliable. Everyone knows the regulation guide-book novels, but I wonder if the Italian scene of William Dean Howells is as well-remembered as it should be?

These books are for the modern city: for ancient Rome there are the familiar historical novels listed in "Baker's Guide to Historical Fiction," and of recent years two quite different stories pay especial attention to details of everyday life. A. C. Allinson's "Children of the Way" (Harcourt, Brace), is a story of the first years of the Church, with spirited street scenes and descriptions of interiors. "The Comedians," by Louis Couperus (Doran), is a startlingly real bringing-back of the life of the Suburra, and the conditions under which the theatre operated in the days when actors all were slaves.

Novels of Berlin, recent and in translation, are not so easy to name; "The Ninth of November," by Bernard Kellermann (McBride), is a novel not without importance as a historical document, for it preserves the general frame of mind and some of the conditions of life in the last days of the Great War. "Hetty Geybert," by G. H. Borchardt (Doran), is a family chronicle of eighty years ago, when women's position was not what it is now, in Germany or anywhere else. I can give this inquirer news of a Budapest novel, Louis Joseph Vance's "The Dead Ride Hard" (Lippincott), in which the Red Terror in Hungary figures, and one in which the hero goes to Vienna to study, Adelaide Eden Phillpotts's "Tomek the Sculptor" (Little, Brown), art students will recognize the descriptions. But I would be glad to know of any novels of fairly recent publication in which the scene is Berlin: Thomas Mann's tremendous family chronicle, "Buddenbrooks" (Knopf), takes place in North Germany. There is a story of post-war Berlin in Vernon Bartlett's "Topsy-Turvy: Tales of Europa Deserta" (Houghton Mifflin).

D. L. W., Boston, Mass., asks for books on amateur magic and parlor tricks, adding that he fears "so lowly a subject is rather out of my line."

MURMURING that I do not use a line but a net, I hasten to reassure this inquirer on the lowliness of his subject; it is a good thing for him that Houdini is not here to catch sight of this column, which he used regularly to read and to which he more than once brought aid. The best introduction I know to this subject, one that is ideal for the beginner's use, "is "Magic in the Making," by John Mulholland and Milton Smith (Scribner). Honors cluster about Mr. Mulholland, who is a member of the Society of American Magicians, the Magicians Club of London, and the Magic Circle; both he and Mr. Smith are teachers in Horace Mann School for Boys. There are diagrams and drawings in this little book, and the important subject of patter gets proper attention.

One never stops with a single book of this sort, however. "Magic for Amateurs," by W. H. Radcliffe (Appleton), describes fifty tricks calling for very little apparatus. A famous book of this sort, much larger but not too difficult for a determined amateur, is C. L. Neil's "Modern Conjurer and Drawing-Room Entertainer" (Lippincott), an English book that has been popular for years. A recently issued English book for young people, "The Boy Showman," by A. Rose (Dutton), has a chapter on parlor magic, ventriloquism, and various tricks; this is a fine book for home use, for it has all sorts of peep-shows, panoramas, and Punch entertainments, the latter with the words given. The works of Professor Hoffmann are published by Dutton: the most important are "Modern Magic" and "Later Magic," especially the latter. Dutton also publishes Houdini's "Miracle Mongers and Their Methods," "The Unmasking of Robert Houdini," and "Houdini's Paper Magic;" the last-named is not too difficult for boys.

I can recommend these books because I have had the pleasure of knowing at least half a dozen devoted magicians who talked to me about the literature of their art. But would I study one myself? No, I am the ideal audience for the conjurer; I refuse to know how the bunny gets into the hat! enough for me that he gets out. A sleight-of-hand performance is the only place in the world where I put my reason in pawn—secure that I can redeem it unimpaired on the way out.

N. R., Chapel Hill, N. C., asks for books of travel in Germany, giving post-war conditions if possible, for a course of reading in a rural study-club for women.

ON the nineteenth of October, according to the announcement of the house of McBride, Robert Medill McBride's "Towns and People of Modern Germany" will appear; judging from the prospectus this will be just what this club needs. His trip was made by rail, motor, steamboat, and aeroplane, and covered the country from the Hanseatic cities to Nuremberg, Dresden, and Leipzig; there are many pictures. "In the Footsteps of Heine," by Henry James Forman (Houghton Mifflin), was published in 1910, but the countryside from Gottingen to Ilsenberg—which Mr. Forman traversed on foot—is not one to call for up-to-date treatment. One of the most interesting of the many foot-tours of Harry Franck is "Vagabonding Through Changing Germany" (Century). "Motor Rambles in Central Europe," by F. C. Rimington, is a recent Houghton Mifflin publication: intended for use on the road, it would give a stay-at-home traveler more than a taste of the Black Forest, Bavaria, and the Tyrol.

In this connection the group will be interested in "The New Germany," by Dr. Ernst Jaeckh (Oxford University Press), three lectures by one who has been a leading German liberal since 1902, and "German After-War Problems," by Kuno Francke (Harvard University Press).

W. H. B., New York, asks what famous books were written in prison.

THE names of "Pilgrim's Progress," Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "De Profundis," and certain short stories of O. Henry, come at once to mind, but there I stick. Mrs. Kate O'Hare's "In Prison" (Knopf), is by a political prisoner in Jefferson City Penitentiary, and Thomas Mott Osborne's "Within Prison Walls" (Appleton) describes his experiences during a week's voluntary confinement in Auburn, while Frank Tannenbaum's "Wall Shadows" (Putnams), draws some of its force from the author's enforced stay behind bars.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Pamphlets

THE HILL OF BENNINGTON. By *Daniel L. Cady*. Rutland, Vt.: Tuttle.

THE ONE THOUSAND COMMONEST WORDS. Written in Isaac Pitman Shorthand. Pitman. 25 cents.

ART AND INSTINCT. By *S. Alexander*. Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

MUSEUMS AND NATIONAL LIFE. By *Sir Frederic George Kenyon*. Oxford University Press.

B. P. GRENFELL. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.

NATIONALITY, COLOR, AND ECONOMIC OPPORTUNITY IN THE CITY OF BUFFALO. By *Niles Carpenter*. University of Buffalo. 50 cents.

Philosophy

AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME. By J. W. DUNNE. Macmillan. 1927. $2.50.

Mr. Dunne proposes an unusual thesis and does so because he has had an unusual experience. Many readers will find it hard to follow the argument, and the reviewer can help them but little. The experience is that of getting an impression, mostly in dreams, of events or little episodes with some measure of detail, which events later appearing in reality, are found in that sense to have been anticipated. Some of these events have a personal reference and would otherwise not have been observed, and others have a wide interest: such as the dreaming of a volcanic eruption in advance of the Martinique disaster. Now it must not be supposed that Mr. Dunne is dealing with anything quite on the level of "dreams that come true" or even of experiences which would take him to the Society for Psychical Research and enroll him in the group who believe in mystic powers of foreseeing the future. Mr. Dunne has a scientific, an engineering type of mind and has made inventions in the field of aeronautics. These experiences have led him to entertain an hypothesis that some would call as daring as an exploit in the air and others extravagant.

It is nothing less than a suggestion after the manner of Einstein's theory of relativity, or some higher mathematical concept of other dimensions than those we live in, of the possibility that occasionally the time-sequence is reversed, and the future succeeds the past. In other words, that instead of taking time by the forelock as a precautionary measure, there is the hint of a world in which, like in "Alice in the Looking Glass," things happen in the reverse order; and we recall that "Lewis Carroll" was a mathematician. Mr. Dunne tries to invent a mathematical scheme in which time-reversal might be a possibility. It is something like the notion that if we only could get out sufficiently far in sp in the universe where it would take li a hundred years or more to reach us, might now be actually seeing the events Napoleonic days. One could dismiss it all as fantasy were it not plain that the entire spirit of the enterprise is a serious one, and that as a bit of literature it belongs to the speculative considerations of space and time, the stability of which have been given a shock by the doctrines of relativity. But for most of us time is too precious and its order too fixed to be seriously disturbed by such a speculation.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSONALITY. By *P. F. Valentine*. Appleton. $2.50.

PRINCIPLES OF ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY. By *Edmund S. Conklin*. Holt.

ESSAYS IN PHILOSOPHY. By *James Ward*. Macmillan.

THE SOCIAL BASIS OF CONSCIOUSNESS. By *Triganti Burrow*. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHARACTER. By *A. A. Roback*. Harcourt, Brace. $5.50.

(*Continued on page 63*)

By the Author of
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STOKES BOOKS

The Phoenix Nest

WELL, I see that I seem to have stirred up a good deal of commotion with my last—and first—piece, because *Mr. Canby* is now back and he has intimated, "Is there no way of stopping Him?" meaning me, O'Reilley; but then he is glad to get the copy he says, because I have been under his desk listening to him talk about it and only scared when he wiggled his feet. They have decided I am to go on while this Phœnician is still so far away, but I must say he is a good guy and I am all for him for he has wired the office.

MOUSE I THOUGHT HE SAID MOOSE STOP HE IS ALL RIGHT ANYWAY SUGGEST YOU LET HIM PINCH HIT I MAY NOT BE BACK FOR SOME TIME STOP AS I HAVE FOUND THE PRUNES ON THIS RANCH ARE FINE LOTS OF LOVE GIVE HIM A PIECE OF CHEESE THE PHOENICIAN STOP

So they have put out some cheese but in a trap but I would not touch it under those conditions so I delivered my ultimatum (which is not the same as a ukase. Look it up in the old Oxford). I left a note for Mr. Canby on his desk and said as follows:

Dear Mr. Canby: I have gone into this thing *con amore* and would not do anything *sub rosa*. I think that trap is an insult. You can not get a high-spirited mouse to work under such circumstances even though he is noble and disinterested. I have been reading a lot of detective stories and will write you an essay on them, but only on space. Meanwhile, I will say ½ box cheese per week, which is fair enough. I mean Camembert.

O'Reilley.

So, of course, that brought them to terms. Only we have reached a compromise on American. I get a piece every night and take it away. The family have all congratulated me on my new job and I have got a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles for use at home; only they are a bit large, so they pull the baby around in them during the day as a sort of a go-cart and I prop then up at night and do some reading. They sort of magnify and I have to get across to the other end of the room before I can really see through them, but then I can see well and can always go around them up close if I want to really make out a word. But still one absolutely has to have such spectacles in this game, for all use them. Phœnix I know always wore them because I broke them for him several times when he left them at the office by mistake. And to judge by his language he does not know much about the Society for Pure English which *is putting it extremely mildly*. . . .

I have been improving my mind a good deal and have been reading a book called "A Good Woman." "Why," asked my wife, "do you start by reading a book called 'A Good Woman'? You don't want to be a good woman, and anyway you couldn't be; but you *could* well be a good mouse if you gave it a little attention." Which is just the way people come back at you—I mean women—when you are trying to improve your mind. "My laws," I said, "it would do *you* some good if you were to read this book by Mr. *Bromfield*. He recently won the Seltzer competition and is regarded as a leading author, besides I think the title would be a lesson for you." Which, I know, was putting it rather strong, for she really is an extremely good mousess as they go; but I only meant it as a joke. But she cried a little. But that's all fixed up now. . . .

Mr. Bromfield says in his Foreword, which I have just finished, that "A Good Woman" is the last of a series of four novels from various angles with a strongly marked phase. Those are his words and I wrote a note to Mr. Canby if that was pure English and he wrote a note back to me which said, "Not so very." That man is diplomatic. But if Mr. Bromfield has written four books as big as the one I climb about on I must say he is a man of Herculean (Oxford dictionary) achievement (ditto). This foreword has taken me a coupla nights. (Mr. Canby will jump on me for that again. And he is right. You shouldn't say "a coupla," but it is an old newspaper habit I have a hard time getting rid of. But this foreword is pretty solid reading, especially as it is not such pure English. Mr. Bromfield also uses the locution (that I heard from Mr. Canby) "all-encompassing." Which is, as Mr. Canby would say, not so pure. But I mustn't say anything that would arouse Mr. Sumner, of whom I have learned recently, for this foreword is really as pure as you could wish. I read it several evenings aloud to my wife. It is only just not such very good English. . . .

Well, where was I? I get very tired sometimes bouncing around on these keys and have not yet got quite used to the racket. But in our wainscoat they think I am remarkable the way I have come up in the world. They are very proud of me and are now talking about a Welcome Home if I would only go off somewhere awhile and stay—for a while. I have brought a good deal of excitement into their drab lives since I have come home with all this cheese and they have read what I have been saying. You see I am the first unfettered mouse who has really broken into self-expression. . . .

Well, I was talking about Mr. Bromfield. My wife has made a good suggestion. One could gnaw a wonderful bed out of "A Good Woman." I mean you could gnaw down into it until you had a very snug retreat. The book is so thick. We have needed a good bed for some time anyway and you could line it with some old neckties and socks I have around. Not my own. I do not wear socks. I am a collector and have been collecting neckties and socks for a good while now. In fact they say—and I wish Mr. Hopkins could see his way to using this somehow in his department of rare books that I have the best necktie and sock collection in all the wainscoats in our house. . . .

But I was talking of Mr. Bromfield. Mr. Bromfield is a realist, so far as I have gone. He wrote this foreword on June 15th of this year, and when this number appears it it will be only a coupla (Oh, there I go again!) a couple of months later. Which shows you how quickly they manufacture books in this country. Which is the whole trouble, as I heard Mr. Canby say just the other day. Mr. Bromfield wrote this foreword in Paris. I have never been there; but that has evidently affected his English. He has probably been speaking French all the time. Once I knew a French rat. He was an apache which you pronounce apash. I did not know him long but he chased me all around the wainscoats of two floors. I hope I never see that rat again. He was as big as Dempsey. . . .

But about Mr. Bromfield. I have now skipped the Contents Page and the page that has on it "PART ONE. THE JUNGLE." I have got to where it says "A GOOD WOMAN" in very big type. And I was reading that last night and every time my wife sees those words she laughs for some reason now. She laughs and sniffs both at once, what I call a snaff. Well, it begins well.

Of course the first time you write a review you naturally cannot marshall your thoughts in the order you would expect; but I shall soon get this all down cold. It takes me very little time to pick up the knack of anything. Well, it was eleven o'clock at night when this woman—she is evidently going to be the good woman of the story—well, when the good woman came home she found this letter. It looked just like an ordinary letter—but I just know it's going to turn out to be anything but that. It was on the dining table "in the dim radiance of gaslight turned economically low in the dome hand-painted in a design of wild-roses." If I were going to criticize Mr. Bromfield's style I would say there were too many "in"s in that part. But then that would be hypocritical—I mean (Oxford Dictionary) hypercritical. But I am already interested in this Good Woman. My wife chaffs me a bit about it. I am afraid she thinks I am not a very good mouse to be reading about good women, but if so she controls her true suspicions admirably. . . .

There will be more about Mr. Bromfield's work. And there will soon be an essay called "Why Mice Do Not Read Detective Stories." I could begin that right now . . . but my wife has run up on the desk squeaking and is in quite a state, it seems. She says she is afraid this job of mine is going to break up our happy home life. I tell her I get home as early as ever at night. But I really think it is this book about a good woman that has set her thinking. You never can tell about women. Yet Mr. Bromfield has written this whole book about one. I think it is too silly of my wife to have such a suspicious nature. But I suppose she thinks my idealistic nature will catch fire and that I shall always now be thinking about how good this woman is and meanwhile neglecting her. Well, it is just too silly, but now I must go home with her.

O'REILLEY.

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

A NOTABLE COLLECTION

THE publication of Thomas J. Holmes's "The Mather Literature," already referred to in these columns, calls attention anew to the notable private collection of Matherana brought together by William Gwinn Mather and the assistance he is preparing to give collectors in his field.

Mr. Mather began his collection as early as the fourth Brinley sale, back in 1886. He commenced with the writings of those men of his family name, and later added works concerning them. By not beginning at the first Brinley sale Mr. Mather unwittingly permitted the opportunity of forming the largest collection of Mather literature to go to the American Antiquarian Society, while his own collection now ranks second among the ninety-eight libraries—seventy-three institutional and twenty-five—privately owned—which are on record as owning works of the Mathers. The fourteen largest collections stand in the following order in relation to the number of titles each possesses: American Antiquarian Society, 342; William Gwinn Mather, 321; Boston Public Library, 318; Massachusetts Historical Society, 279; Harvard University Library, 251; John Carter Brown Library, 250; Library of Congress, 205; Henry E. Huntington Library, 174; Congregational Library, Boston, 167; Boston Athenæum, 163; Yale University Library, 158; New York Public Library, 142; British Museum Library, 123; Bodleian Library, 117. In this group, Mr. Mather's is the only private collection.

Many Mather works belong distinctly to the incunabula of Massachusetts. The "Bay Psalm Book," translated from the Hebrew by three eminent New England Puritans, Thomas Welde, John Eliot, and Richard Mather, was the first real book to be printed in English America, 1640, and ran into at least fifty-seven editions. Mr. Mather has a number of them, some very early, two unique.

Mather literature, comprising books once owned by the Mathers and books written by them, forms a group of books of very special interest to collectors of New England Americana. Mr. Mather has sponsored a project to compile an adequate bibliography and description of Mather literature. This work is going forward under the joint editorship of Dr. George P. Winship, of the Harvard College Library, and Thomas J. Holmes. Dr. Wilberforce Eames is doing a section on the "Bay Psalm Book," giving a full record of all known editions. The entire Mather bibliography will consist of six volumes. It will contain a full-size reproduction of the title-page of every known Mather work, together with a description of the book, and a census of the known copies, indicating where these are to be found. With each description will be a brief quotation from the original book, designed to indicate its contents. A review, sometimes a summary of its contents, and a brief sketch of its historical setting, will be given to the more important works, chiefly those of Richard, Increase, and Cotton Mather. The annotations for the more important works of Increase Mather are already finished and ready for the press. A photograph of the best available copy of each Mather title-page has been taken by the courtesy of librarians, trustees, and governing officials of libraries containing Mather collections. Zinc etchings have been made from these photographs for over six hundred of the six hundred and fifty known works.

Mr. Mather will be long remembered for the notable collection which he has brought together in his forty-one years of collecting, but the bibliography which is now being prepared with his assistance will be the capstone to his career as a collector. Students of New England history will be under a permanent debt of gratitude to him.

THE CRESSET PRESS

THE demand for carefully designed and well made books in England is still on the increase if the multiplication of special presses is any criterion. The latest special press, the Cresset Press, has been established with the three-fold purpose: the production of fine editions, reprinting certain of the classics now difficult to obtain, and publishing contemporary works of genuine literary value. The first venture, a limited edition of Bacon's "Essays," a crown folio, will appear next month. The text is that of the edition printed in 1625, which represents the author's last revision. Other forthcoming productions of the new press include a translation by Maurice Hewlett of the first twelve books of Homer's "Iliad," with an introduction by Professor Lascelles Abercrombie; an illustrated edition of old English songs, with the music, ranging in period from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth century; and reprints of one or two rare English treatises on gardening and fishing.

NOTE AND COMMENT

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL recently confessed that some years ago he picked up a first edition of Gray's "Elegy" for 2s. 6 d, and sold it for £350 and then had the chagrin to see it sold to an American collector for £500 and later to bring £1,000.

Among the most striking of the publications to be issued this year in connection with the centenary celebration of William Blake's death must surely be reckoned a portfolio announced by the Harvard University Press. This includes thirty collotype reproductions from a unique copy of Young's "Night Thoughts" in the margin of which Blake executed a series of magnificent water color illustrations. Five of the plates will be in full color and twenty-five in monotone. The book, which is now in the Fogg Museum at Harvard, belonged to the late William Augustus White of Brooklyn, a noted collector who died last May. Geoffrey Keynes, the great authority on Blake, has written an introduction. The portfolio will be ready for distribution this fall.

Historians are mystified by a document describing "a Society for the Preservation of Liberty" formed in Virginia in 1784 by a notable group of political leaders, according to a research report to the American Historical Association by Professor J. G. De Roulhac Hamilton of the University of North Carolina. The original came into the library of this university some years ago as a gift. It is printed in the form of a broadside upon a single sheet of heavy paper, now yellowed with age. There was no indication where it was printed. Among the signers were James Madison, Patrick Henry, Edmund Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, James Monroe and Arthur Lee. So far as is known, this is the only copy of this broadside in existence, and the society which it mentions is unknown to history.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 61*)

Poetry

RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. Translated by *Edward Fitzgerald*. Decorated by Thomas Lowinsky. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

GENUINE PICKLES. By *K. M. S.* Covici. $2.

HALF A GLASS OF SHERRY. By *Sara Owen*. New York: Lawren.

THE POEMS OF RICHARD CRASHAW. Edited by *L. C. Martin*. Oxford University Press. $7.

MUSIC AND THE POETS. By *Esmé J. Howard*. Brentanos. $2.

VERSE BY THE WAY. By *James Henry Darlington*. Third Series. Brentanos. $1.50.

RUSTIC ELEGIES. By *Edith Sitwell*. Knopf.

ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN INDIAN POETRY. By *Gwendoline Goodwin*. Dutton. $1.50.

AMERICAN POETRY, 1927. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

POEMS. By *Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Vol. II. (Julian Edition). Scribner's.

MOONGLOOM. By *Ronald Erl Little*. Four Seas. $1.50.

Religion

TWILIGHT TALKS TO TIRED HEARTS. By *W. W. Whalen*. Techny, Ill.: Mission Press. $1.

ADVENTURES IN THE MINDS OF MEN. By *Lynn Harold Hough*. Abingdon Press. $1.50.

PURPOSE IN TEACHING RELIGION. By *George Walter Fiske*. Abingdon Press. $1.75.

TO KNOW HIM. By *M. S. Rice*. Abingdon Press. $1.

THE APPEAL TO REALITY. By *R. Edis-Fairbairn*. Abingdon Press. $1.

PHARAOH'S QUESTION. By *Leon C. Prince*. Abingdon Press. $1.

GOD IS AT THE ORGAN. By *William L. Stidger*. Abingdon Press. $1.50.

WHAT IS LEFT OF THE APOSTLES' CREED? By *Loren M. Edwards*. Abingdon Press. $1.

JESUS AS A PHILOSOPHER. By *Herman Harrell Horne*. Abingdon Press. $1.

THE SOCIAL CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN. By *Georgiana Putnam McEntie*. Macmillan.

THE NEST OF SPEARS. By *F. W.* Abingdon. $1.75.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. By *Ge Wardle Stafford*. Abingdon. $1.75.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By *Joseph I MacCarthy*. Boston: Published by the author.

THE EARLIEST LATIN COMMENTARIES ON THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL. By *Alexander Souter*. Oxford University Press. $5.

Science

SCIENCE: LEADING AND MISLEADING. By *Arthur Lynch*. Dutton. $3.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE ANIMAL WORLD. By *Friedrich Alverdes*. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

THE HUMAN BODY. By *Trevor Heaton*. Dut- ton. $3.

Travel

CAPE TO CAIRO. By *Stella Court Treatt*. Little, Brown. $5 net.

OLD LONDON. By *Gertrude Burford Rawlings*. Little, Brown. $4 net.

FLORENCE. By *Camille Mauclair*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

FLOWERS AND ELEPHANTS. By *Constance Sitwell*. Harcourt, Brace. $1.75.

TO THE LAND OF THE EAGLE. By *Paul Edmonds*. Dutton. $5.

BAEDEKER'S GREAT BRITAIN. By *Karl Baedeker*. Eighth Revised Edition. Scribners. $6.

TOURING ENGLAND. By *Sydney R. Jones*. Scribners. $2.75.

MORNINGS IN MEXICO. By *D. H. Lawrence*. Knopf. $2.50.

MOTOR RAMBLES IN CENTRAL EUROPE. By *Frank C. Rimmington*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

VANISHED CITIES OF NORTHERN AFRICA. By *Mrs. Steuart Erksine and Major Benton Fletcher*. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

A WHITE WOMAN IN A BLACK MAN'S COUNTRY. By *Nettie Fowler Dietz*. Omaha, Neb.: Privately printed.

TWO VAGABONDS IN ALBANIA. By *Jan* and *Cora Gordon*. Dodd, Mead.

War

THE HISTORY OF REPARATIONS. By *Carl Bergmann*. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

ÆNEAS ON SIEGECRAFT. Edited by *L. W. Hunter*. Revised by S. A. Handford. Oxford versity Press. $6.

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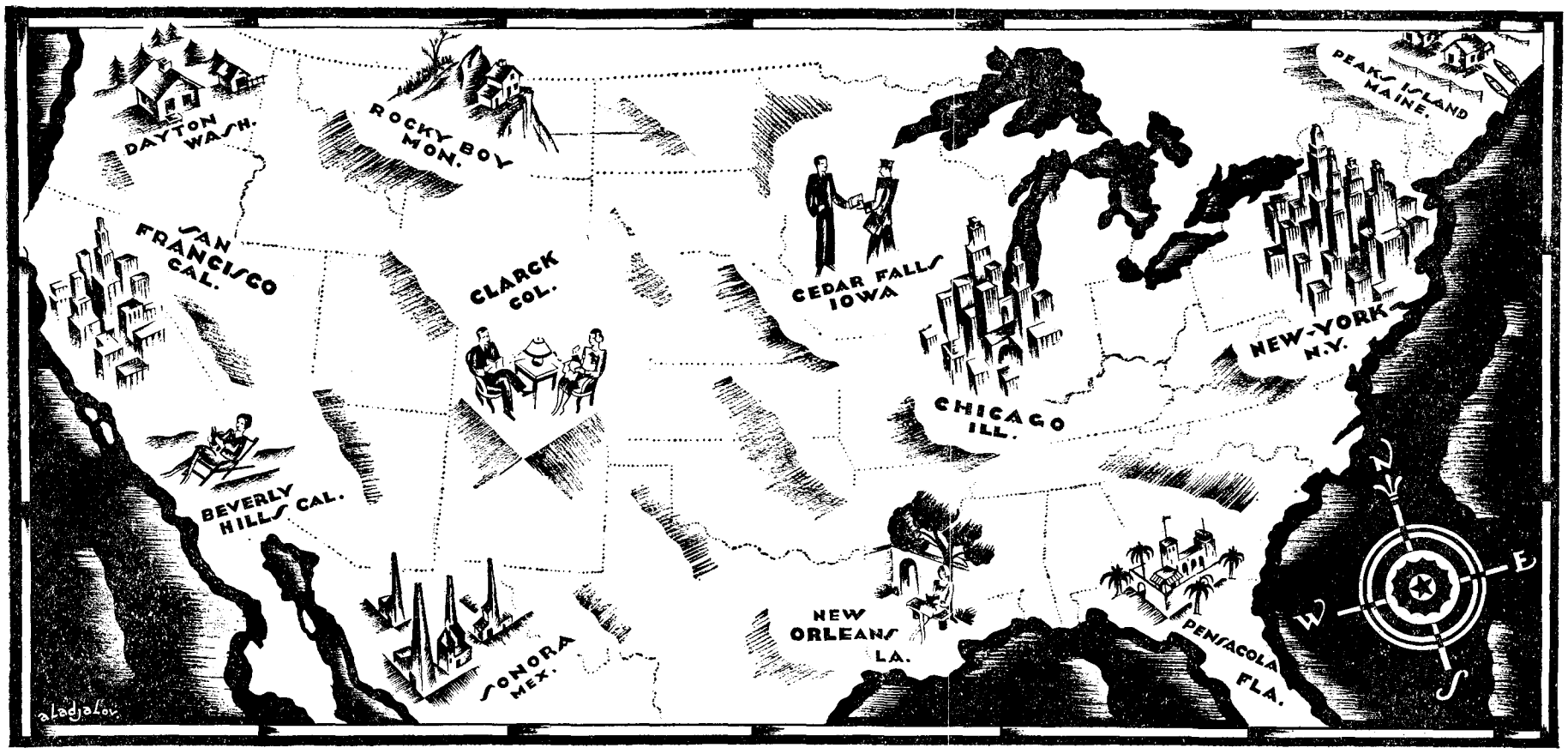

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